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The Works of William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson, Isaac Reed, George Steevens

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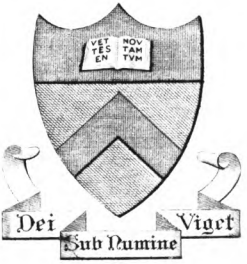

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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH

THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS,

REVISED

BY ISAAC REED.

THIRD BOSTON,
FROM THE FIFTH LONDON EDITION.

VOL. III.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble Fabricks of other Poets, passes without Injury by the Adamant of Shakspeare. *Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY MUNROE & FRANCIS, FOR THEMSELVES;
EZRA SARGEANT, NEW-YORK; AND EDWARD
EARLE, PHILADELPHIA.

1810.

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VOLUME III.

OF

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

Containing

TAMING OF THE SHREW.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.
THE WINTER'S TALE.
MACBETH.

COPIED FROM THE TEXT OF DR. REED.

WITH NOTES BY JOHNSON, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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OBSERVATIONS.

OF this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two, without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

JOHNSON.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie, called, *The Taminge of a Shrowe*." It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion that *The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection, might have suggested to Shakspeare the Induction for this comedy.

The following story, however, which might have been the parent of all the rest, is related by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 649: "A *Tartar* Prince, saith *Marcus Polus*, Lib. II. cap. 28, called *Senex de Montibus*, the better to establish his government amongst his subjects, and to keepe them in awe, found a convenient place in a pleasant valley environed with hills, *in which he made a delitious parke full of odoriferous flowers and fruits, and a palace full of all worldly contents* that could possibly be devised, *musicke, pictures, variety of meats*, &c. and chose out a certaine young man, whom with *a soporiferous potion* he so benummed, that he perceived nothing; *and so, fast asleepe as he was, caused him to be conveied into this faire garden*. Where, after he had lived a while in all such pleasures a sensuall man could desire, *he cast him into a sleepe againe, and brought him forth, that when he waked he might tell others he had beene in Paradise*."—*Marco Paolo*, quoted by Burton, was a traveller of the 13th century.

Chance, however, has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakspeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this discovery at all dispose me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the conclusion of the play.

STEEVENS.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken tinker.* } *Persons in the Induction.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*
HORTENSIO,

TRANIO, } *servants to Lucentio.*
BIONDELLO,

GRUMIO, } *servants to Petruchio.*
CURTIS,

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, *the shrew,* } *daughters to Baptista.*
BIANCA, *her sister,*

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE—sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's house in the country.

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath. Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly.

I'LL pheese[1] you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;[2] let the world slide; *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?[3]

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.[4]

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the third-borough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

---

[1] To *pheese* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harrass*, to *plague*. Perhaps, *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character, on like occasions. JOHNS

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock M. MASON.

[2] Sly, as an ignorant fellow is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words; as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. THEO.

[3] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says, that "John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men." STEEV.

[4] All the editions have coined a saint here, for Sly to swear by. But the poet had no such intentions. The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history to make it understood. There is a fustian old play called *Hieronymo*; or *The Spanish Tragedy*: which I find was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorously alluded to. THEO.

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Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,[4]
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunt.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunt.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hunt.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunt.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him, when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

---

[4] *Emboss'd* is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground,) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*: from the French word *bosse*, which signifies a tumour. T. WARTON.

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And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[5] gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.[6]

1 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
Belike, some noble gentleman; that means, [*Ex. Serv.*
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.[7]

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

---

[5] *Kindly*, means naturally. M. MASON.

[6] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

[7] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

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I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.
Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exe. Servant and Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [*To a Servant.*
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embraces, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,

[9] *Him* is used for *himself*, as *you* is used for *yourself* in *Macbeth*. STE.

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Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—[*Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would go into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber in the Lord's House. SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.*[9]

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-Heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask

[9] From the original stage direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is—*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c. MALONE.

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Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,[1] if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook:
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

[1] *Wilnecotte* is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare wa well acquainted, near Stratford. Th house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

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So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands? [*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,[2]
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.
Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.
Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.
Page. How fares my noble lord?

[2] At the Court-leet, or courts of the manor. JOHNS.

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Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband? My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband; I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept
Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to-bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play: is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A public Place. Enter* LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,[3]
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or, so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:

[3] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

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Music and poesy, use to quicken you ;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you :
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en ;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness ;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while : What company is this?
Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Baſ. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder :
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather : She's too rough for me :—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?
Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To* BAP.] is it your will to make a stale of me amongst these mates ?
Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart :
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !
Gre. And me too, good Lord !
Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward ;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.
Baſ. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in :
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;

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For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat [5] 'tis best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
—Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books, and instruments, shall be my company ;
On them to look, and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
[*Aside*
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?[6]
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA
—And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men[7]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;
And so farewell.—Katharina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*
Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too, may I not ?
What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave ? Ha ! [*Exit.*
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out ; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell :—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.
Hor. So will I, signior Gremio : But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—

[5] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit, little,* as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.
[6] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHN.
[7] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned,* as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

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that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole![8] He that runs fastest gets the ring.[9] How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [*Exe.* GRE. *and* HOR.

Tra. [*advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

---

[8] *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEV.

[9] An allusion to the sport of running at the ring. DOUCE.

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Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated[1] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimó.[2]
Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
Tra. Master, you look so longly[3] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
—Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ah, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

---

[1] Is not driven out by chiding. MALONE.
[2] Our author had this line from *Lylly*, which I mention that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.
[3] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEE

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Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?
Luc. Basta ;[4] content thee ; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house ;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master : then it follows thus ;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[5] and servants, as I should :
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient ;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?
Bio. Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are you ?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ?
Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his ;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried :
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life :
You understand me ?
Bion. I, sir ? ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;

[4] i. e. *'tis enough* ; Italian and Spanish. STEEVENS.
[5] *Port* is figure, show, appearance. JOHNSON.

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Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after;
That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:
—One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!

SCENE II.

The same. Before HORTENSIO'S *House. Enter* PETRUCIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears*

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Gru. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you : sirrah ! villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now ? what's the matter ?—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—How do you all at Verona ?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto,
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.
—Rise, Grumio, rise ; we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in latin.[6]—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir : Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps, (for ought I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out ?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate ?—O heavens !—
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?*
And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Hor. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you ;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

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[6] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language. STEEV.

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Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[6]
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[7] or an old trot, with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
—Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,

[6] The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first Book *De Confessione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. STEEV.

[7] i.e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point. STEE.

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An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks,[8] I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:[9] You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep[1] my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace:
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music,[2] to instruct Bianca:

---

[8] *Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibrass*:

"Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,
"That speak, and think contrary clean;
"What member 'tis of whom they talk,
"When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave walk." MAL.

[9] It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil like a cat in the light. JOHNS.

[1] *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. STEEV. [2] *Seen* is versed, practised. STEEV.

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That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!—Master, Master, look about you:—Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:
—Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see, you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

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Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?[3]
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.[4]
Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*
Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

---

[3] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the Paradise Lost, b. xi. ver. 834, and not as a verb.

——— "an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals and orcs, and sea-mews *clang*." T. WARTON.

[4] i. e. with *bug-bears*. STEEV.

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Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Asi.*

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd; and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't he you mean? [*Aside to* TRANIO.
Tra. Even he. Biondello!
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,——
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

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Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The younger daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you say well, and well do you conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion!—Fellows, lets begone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* BAPTISTA'*s House. Enter* KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bianca.

GOOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,

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So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?——
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
—For shame, thou hilding[5] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.
Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.
Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[6]
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATH.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

---

[5] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*: it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour JOHNS.

[6] "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at present one of the employments of a bear herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. MALONE.

That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution. STEEV.

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Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio:—God save you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.
Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir, what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare![7] you are marvellous forward.
Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

[7] The word is an old proverbial one. FARMER.

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—Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, that hath been long studying at Rheims [*Presenting* LUCENTIO]; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: His name is Cambio; pary, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio:—Welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger; [*To* TRANIO.] May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:[8]
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*To* HOR.] the lute, and you [*To* LUC.] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!—Sirrah, lead

Enter a Servant.

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.—

[*Ex. Servant, with* HORT. LUCEN. *and* BION.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

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[8] In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY.

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And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,[9]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,

[9] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

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As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
—Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exe.* BAP. GRE. TRA. *and* HOR.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say,—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,

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Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kath. A joint-stool.[1]
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be? should buz.
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.[2]
Pet. Come, come, you wasp: i'faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.[3]
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

---

[1] This is a proverbial expression. STEEV.

[2] Perhaps we may read better—*Ay, for a turtle*, and *he takes a buzzard*. e. he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall find me a *hawk*. JOHNS.

[3] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock STEEVENS.
Craven was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the consequence of which was, that they forever after were deemed infamous. REED.

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Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with carés.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sóoth, you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

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For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat[4] to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curs'd, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;[5]
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—

[4] The editor of the second folio with some probability reads—*from a wild Kat* (meaning certainly *cat*). MAL.

[5] The story of *Grisel* is to be found among the compositions of the French Fabliers. DOUCE.

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She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch[6] can make the curstest shrew.
—Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
—God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.
[*Exe.* PET. *and* KATH. *severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.[7]
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

---

[6] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature. STEEVENS.

[7] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell:

"The fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brush-wood,
But for the moment burns:—
But when crept into aged veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains;
It glows, and with a sullen heat,
Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong." JOHNSON.

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Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.
—Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,[8]
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass,[9] and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me,
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,[1]
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,

[8] *Counterpoints* were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. MAL.

[9] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. STEEV.

[1] A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. STE.

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And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.[2]
Bapt. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bapt. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[3]
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

---

[2] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*. STEEV.

Vye and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from the original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says: "We must not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

[3] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression. WARBURTON.

As we are on the subject of cards, it may not be amiss to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dresses. STEEV.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* BAPTISTA'*s House. Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Lucentio.

FIDDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit me down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.
Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
[*To* BIANCA.—HORTENSIO *retires.*
Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, Madam:——
Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Bian. Construe them.
Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.[4]

[4] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

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Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*
Bian. Let's hear ;— [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie ! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.
Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the bass.
Hor. The bass is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is !
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt :
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*To* LUCENTIO.] and give me leave awhile ;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,
And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [reads.] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion ;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection :*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I ;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut ? tut ! I like it not :
Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,

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To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
[*Exe.* BIANCA *and Servant.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before BAPTISTA'*s House. Enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To* TRANIO.] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen;[5]
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

[5] That is, full of humour, caprice and inconstancy. JOHNSON.

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Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:[6] His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,[7] stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before,[8] and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath

[6] The *broken points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.

[7] *Fashions.*—So called in the west of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy.*—*Fives.* So called in the west: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

[8] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having as the jockies term it, *never* a *fore leg* to stand on. MAL.

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two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather:[9] a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foot boy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
—Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

---

[9] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of ballads, and often very obscurely; for so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions. And he seems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour. WARB.

I have some doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. A *fancy*, however, meant also a love-song or sonnet, or other poem. MAL.

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First, were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.
Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss? [*Exe.* PET. &c.
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*
Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,

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I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask,—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*
Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,[1]
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—

---

[1] *Quaff'd off the* muscadel.—It appears from this passage, and the following one in *The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

"*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*
"*Maid.* Strew, strew.
"*Man.* The *muscadine* stays for the bride at church.
"The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend
"To make them man and wife." STEEV.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom, and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. T. WARTON.

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But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.[1]
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horses.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.[2]
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

[1] It appears that this was no part of the marriage ceremonial. STE.

[2] There is still a ludicrous expression used when horses have stald so long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. *that their heads are too big for the stable-door.* STEEVENS.

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No, nór to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green ;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself :—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O, Kate, content thee ; prythee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry ; What hast thou to do ?
—Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :
—Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves ;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass,[4] my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exe.* PET. KATH. *and* GRUMIO.
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !
Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast ;—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

[4] Alluding to the tenth commandment : "—thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's *house*,—nor his *ox*, nor his *ass*." RITSON.

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And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* PETRUCHIO'S *Country House. Enter* GRUMIO.

Grumio.

FIE, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed[5]? was ever man so weary? I am sent before, to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrewd as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool![6] I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot;

---

[5] That is, was ever man so marked with lashes. JOHNSON. It rather means *bewrayed*, i. e. made dirty. So Spenser, speaking of a fountain,

"Which she increased with her bleeding heart,
And the clean waves with purple gore did *ray*."

Again, in book III. cant. 8. st. 32.

"Who whiles [illegible]piteous lady up did rise,
Ruffled and foully *ray'd* with filthy soil." TOLLET.

[6] i. e. with a skull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks. WARBURTON.

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and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*[7] and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching;—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,[8] the carpets laid,[9] and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

---

[7] Fragment of some old ballad. WARB.

[8] I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid-servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside like the leather. STEEV.

[9] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes. MAL.

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Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtesy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

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Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson, malt-horse drudge!
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,[1]
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exe. some of the Servants.*
Where is the life that late I led—[2] [*Sings.*
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

—Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
—Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey,[3] [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*

[1] A *link* is a torch of pitch. STEEV.

[2] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled, A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions, Lon. 4to, 1578, is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.* RITSON.

[3] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once shews his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEE.

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act IV. Scene I.

Petruchio. These, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

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Be merry, Kate :—Some water, here ;—what ho!—
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :—[*Ex. Serv.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
—Where are my slippers?—shall I have some water?
[*A bason is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash,[4] and welcome heartily :
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else shall I?—
What is this? mutton?
1 *Serv.* Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
1 *Serv.* I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away ;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company :—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exe.* PET. KATH. *and* CURTIS.
Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Re-enter CURTIS.
Gru. Where is he?

[4] It was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. MAL.
As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions. STEEV.

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Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,[5]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate,[6] and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,[7]
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'*s House. Enter* TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,

---

[5] A *haggard* is a wild hawk; to *man a hawk* is to tame her. JOHNS.
[6] To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. Minsheu supposes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to descend. MALONE.
[7] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so used here. MALONE.

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Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow:—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.
Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so, farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit* HOR.

LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

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Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest; but have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O, master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel going down the hill,[8]
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,[9]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exe.* LUC. *and* BIAN.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.

---

[8] *Angel* primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is inapplicable to the passage before us. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, always calls a messenger an *angel*. STEEV.

[9] The Italian word *mercatante*, is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant. A *pedant* was the the common name for a teacher of languages. STEEV.

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Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exe.*

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SCENE III.

A Room in PETRUCHIO'*s House. Enter* KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then, both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

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Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no-proof:—
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame!
—Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. [*Aside.*
—Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

—Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.[1]

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie; 'tis lewd and filthy!
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*
Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

[1] In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men. MAL.

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And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.[2]

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[3] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer[4] in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Asi.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,[5]
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

---

[2] Shakspeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

[3] A *coffin* was the culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. STE.

[4] *Censers* in barber's shops are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices. JOHNSON.

[5] The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHN

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Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;[6] brave not me; I will neither be faced, nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*—

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,[7] sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape:*[8]—

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;*—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

---

[6] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress.—*Faced many things*, i. e. turned up many things with *facings*. STE.

[7] I think the joke is impaired unless we read, with the original play already quoted—a *loose body's* gown. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied* gowns were the dress of *harlots*. STEEVENS.

[8] A *compassed cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is *to come round*. JOH. Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1565, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds, "Some have *capes* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about very bravely." STEEV.

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Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for :
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !
O, fie, fie, fie !

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid : [*Asi.*
—Go, take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words :
Away, I say ; commend me to thy master. [*Ex. Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :
And therefore, frolic ; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse :
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone :
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exe.*

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SCENE IV.

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'*s House. Enter* TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house ; Please it you, that I call ?
Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well ;
And hold your own in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy ;
'Twere good, he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him.—Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut ! fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice ;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista ;—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :
—Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]
This is the gentleman I told you of ;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, son !
—Sir, by your leave ; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
For curious I cannot be with you,

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Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,[1]
The match is fully made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied ; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?
Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is hearkning still ;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.[2]
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
—Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :
Come, sir ; we'll better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you. [*Exe.* TRA. *Pedant, and* BAP.
Bion. Cambio.—
Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ?
Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

---

[1] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey* ; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchased deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, &c. "and thereby to *pass* and convey" the premises to the grantee. RITSON.

[2] *Happily*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. TYRWHITT.

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Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance:—Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm:*[3] to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A public Road. Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

[3] It is scarce necessary to observe, that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them. REED.

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It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house :—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd !
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is.
Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft ; what company is coming here ?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?
[*To* VINCENTIO.
—Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?
—Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :
—Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !
Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art not mad :
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded; wither'd ;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

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That every thing I look on seemeth green :[4]
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;
My name is call'd—Vincentio ; my dwelling—Pisa ;
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married : Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exe.* PET. KATH. *and* VIN.
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

---

[4] Shakspeare's observations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Padua. Before* LUCENTIO'*s House. Enter on one side* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Biondello.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC. BIAN. *and* BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua. —Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,— I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCENTIO.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

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Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me! [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![5]—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

---

[5] *A copatain hat*, is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:—"Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads," &c. STEEV.

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Vin. Thy father?—O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business;[6] I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[BION. TRA. *and Pedant run out.*[7]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

---

[6] *Coney-catched*—i.e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

[7] The old copy says—*as fast as may be.* RITSON.

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Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.[8]

Gre. Here's packing,[9] with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To* LUC.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIAN.

Gre. My cake is dough:[1] But I'll in among the rest; Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

---

[8] *To blear the eye*, was an ancient phrase signifying *to deceive*. STEE.

[9] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. STEEV.

[1] This is a proverbial expression, which was generally used when any project miscarried. MAL.

Rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howel, in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Louis the Fourteenth, says—"The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfullest thing of this kind that any story can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while. So that now Monsieur's *cake is dough*." REED.

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Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LUCENTIO'*s House. A Banquet set out. Enter* BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant,* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and Widow.* TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.
[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.[2]
Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.
Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense; I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:—I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

[2] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MAL.

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And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile,[3] but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird,[4] good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,

[3] *Swift*—besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. JOHNSON.

[4] A *gird* is a *sarcasm*, a *gibe*. STEEVENS.

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Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content:—What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.—Go,
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

—How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, your's will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

—Now where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit* GRUM.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?

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Hor. She will not come.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes?
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and Widow.*

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of your's becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATH. *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

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Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then veil your stomachs,[5] for it is no boot;

[5] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit. STEEV.

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And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—
We three are married, but you two are sped.[6]
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[7]
[*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good-night!
[*Exe.* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.[8]

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.
[*Exeunt.*[9]

---

[6] I. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience. STEEV.

[7] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHN.

[8] As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it should be observed that anciently the word—shrew was pronounced as if it had been written—shrow. Thus, in Mr. Lodge's *Illustration s of English History*, Vol II. p. 164, Burghley calls Lord Shrewsbury—Shrowsbury. See, also, the same work, Vol. II. p. 168—9. STEEV.

[9] At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his insertions from the old play, as follows:

"*Enter two Servants, bearing* Sly *in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

"*Sly.* [*awaking.*] Sim, give's some more wine.——What, all the players gone?——Am I not a lord?

"*Tap.* A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk still?

"*Sly.* Who's this? Tapster!—Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

"*Tap.* Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

"*Sly.* Will she? I know how to *tame a shrew*. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me."

These passages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakspeare, I have sunk into the notes, that they may be preserv-ed, as they seem to be necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being not published in the folio 1623. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deserved censure, had they been of greater consequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspeare's own; and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

May I add a few reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of *The*

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Taming of the Shrew, 1607, nor the old play of *King John*, in two Parts, to have been the work of Shakspeare? He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays, (like that of *King Henry V.* in which Oldcastle is introduced,) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary players. Shakspeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own.

STEEVENS.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THE story of *All's Well that Ends Well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from *Painter's Giletta of Narbon*, in the first volume of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 4to. 1566. p. 88. FARMER.

Shakspeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation.

STEEVENS.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
BERTRAM, *count of Rousillon.*
LAFEU, *an old lord.*
PAROLLES,† *a follower of Bertram.*
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
Steward, } *servants to the countess of Rousillon.*
Clown, }
A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the countess.*
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *daughter to the widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *neighbours and friends to the widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords, attending on the king; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.

SCENE—Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

* The persons were first enumerated by Rowe.

† I suppose we should write this name—*Parsles*; i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter* BERTRAM, *the Countess of Rousillon,* HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

Countess.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[1] evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope: and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly:

[1] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNS.

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he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.[2]

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.[3]

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

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[2] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; on this account it is, she says, that, in an ill mind, these 'virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too:' i.e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them. WARBURTON.

Her virtues are the better for their simpleness,—that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shown the full extent of Shakspeare's masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind. are virtues and traitors too.* Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a *young man who falls into their way is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions.* JOHNS.

[3] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that she does not wish should be understood by the countess. Her *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully support this interpretation:

"————I think not on my father;—
"————What was he like?
"I have forgot him; my imagination
"Carries no favour in it but Bertram's:
"I am undone." MAL.

The line should be particularly attended to, as it tends to explain some subsequent passages which have hitherto been misunderstood. M.MASON.

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Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Ex.*

Ber. [*To* HEL.] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exe.* BER. *and* LAF.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick[4] of his sweet favour:

[4] *Trick* is an expression taken from *drawing*, and is so explained in *King John*, Act I. sc. i. The present instance explains itself:

——to sit and *draw*
His arched brows, &c. STEEVENS.

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But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.[5]

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monárch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you;[6] let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the

[5] *Cold* for naked; as *superfluous* for over-cloathed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. WARBURTON.

[6] *Stain* for colour. Parolles was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble-bee*. WARB.

Stain rather for what we now say *tincture*, some qualities, at least superficial, of a soldier. JOHNS.

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rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself;[7] and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which were not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,[8]
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress,[9] and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world

[7] i. e. he that hangs himself, and a virgin, are in this circumstance alike; they are both *self-destroyers*. MALONE.

[8] It does not appear that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. STEEV.

[9] *Traditoria, a traitress*, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helena is, that she shall prove *every thing* to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterised love by contrarieties. STEEV.

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Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one——
Par. What one, i'faith?
Hel. That I wish well.——'Tis pity——
Par. What's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.[1]

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,[2] and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Ex.*

[1] And *show* by realities what we now *must only think*. JOHNS.
[2] The phrase is taken from falconry. STEEV.
A bird of a good wing, is a bird of swift and strong flight. M. MASON.

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Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?[3]
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those,
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace. Flourish of Cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What's he comes here?

[3] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNS.

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Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Bert. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.[4]
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them;[5] and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled:[6] Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them now
But goers backward.

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[4] I believe *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation*: —Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity in honour, cover petty faults with great merit.—This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNS.

[5] He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his equal. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and somewhat like this, Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNS.

[6] Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condescending manner of behaving to them. M. MASON.

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Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live*,—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments;[7] *whose constancies*
Expire before their fashions:—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.[8]

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

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[7] Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. JOHNS.

[8] A *Clown* in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or domestic fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbien, the only servant represented is Patison the *fool*. This

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Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries your's.[9]

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned;[1] But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage:[2] and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

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is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise. In some plays, a servant, or a rustic, of a remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

[9] It appears to me that the accusative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural sense of the passage seems to be this: "You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveries, and ability enough to accomplish them." M. MASON.

[1] See *St. Mark*, x. 25; *St. Luke*, xviii. 25. GREY.

[2] This is a proverbial expression. *Needs must when the devil drives*, is another. RITSON.

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Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land,[3] spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet[4] I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,* [Singing.
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,

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[3] To *ear* is to *plough*. STEEV.
See 1. *Sam.* viii. 12. *Isaiah* xxx. 24. *Deut.* xxi. 4. *Gen.* xlv. 6. *Exod.* xxxiv. 21, for the use of this verb. HENLEY.

[4] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *benet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in *Rabelais*, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical stroke upon the privy council of Francis the first,—"*Par l'avis, conseil,* prediction *des fols, vos scavez quants princes,* &c. *ont este conserves,*" &c. WARB.

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Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.[5]

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.[6]—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level;

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[5] This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women; a confession that there was one good in ten. Whereon the countess observed, that he corrupted the song, which shews the song said, *Nine good in ten.*

If one be bad amongst nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet, at this unfortunate period of his reign, he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris,* and *Polites.* WARB.

[6] Here is an allusion violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the *puritans* refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of the union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. JOHNS.

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Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransome afterward: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,[7] in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,[8]

[7] *Sithence,*—i. e. since. Chaucer frequently uses *sith,* and *sithen,* in the same sense. STEEV.

[8] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes

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The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?——that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,[9]
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?

are wet with tears. The poet has described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece*: "And round about her tear-distained eye
"Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky." HENLEY.

[9] There is a designed ambiguity: *I care no more for*, is, I care *as much for*. I wish it equally. FARMER.

[1] The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief. JOH.

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Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes,[2] whose faculties inclusive were,

[2] Receipts, in which greater *virtues* were inclosed than appeared to observation. JOHNS.

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More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishes, whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe't?
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Begone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Paris. A Room in the King's Palace. Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

King.

FAREWELL, young lord, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:

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—Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
1 *Lord*. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege.[3] Farewell, young lords ;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy[4]
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when
The bravest questant[5] shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.
2 *Lord*. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand : beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.
[*The King retires to a couch.*
1 *Lord*. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us !
Par. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark—
2 *Lord*. O, 'tis brave wars !
Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with ;
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early*.
Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

---

[3] i. e. as the common phrase runs, *I am still heart whole* ; my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence. STEE.

[4] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition ; the side next the Adriatic was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower : and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatic being called the upper sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatic. HANMER.

The sense may be this, Let upper Italy, where you are to exercise your valour, see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those that have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. To *abate* is used by Shakspeare in the original sense of *abatre*, to *depress*, to *sink*, to *deject*, to *subdue*. The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law. JOH.

[5] *Questant* or *quester*, one who goes in quest.

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Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with![6] by heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:— You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exe. Lords.* What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt* BERT. *and* PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

---

[6] It should be remembered that, in Shakspeare's time, it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on. Our author has again alluded to this ancient custom in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. ix:

"————He, at Philippi kept
"His sword, even like a *dancer*." MAL.

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King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.
Laf. Good faith, across:[7]
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,[8]
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand), and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

---

[7] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pass of wit miscarries. JOHNS.
See *As you like it*, Act III. sc. iv. p. 52. STEEV.

[8] Mr Rich. Brome, mentions this among other dances: "As for corantoes, lavoltos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards, or *canaries*; I speak it not swellingly, but I subscribe to no man." DR. GREY.

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His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,[9]
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransome nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

[9] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida.* JOHNS.

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When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.[1]
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.[2]

---

[1] The allusion is to *St. Matthew's* Gospel, xi 25: "O father, Lord of heaven and earth; I thank thee, because *thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.*" See also 1 *Cor.* i. 27: "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty." MAL.

See the Book of *Exodus*, particularly chap. xvii 5, 6. &c HENLEY.

[2] I would bear (says she) the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound, within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
—Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

---

have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me (meaning violation) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet, for the sake of rhyme, has obscured the sense of the passage. *The worst that can befal a woman being extended to me*, seems to be the meaning of the last line. STEEV.

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SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,[3] as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned

---

[3] The allusion is to an ancient practice of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England. Breval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, mentions it as a kind of espousal used in France, by such persons as meant to live together in a state of concubinage; but in England it was scarce ever practised except by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love. Richard Poore, bishop of Salisbury, in his *Constitutions, anni*, 1217, forbids the putting of *rush rings*, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he insinuates, as the reason for the prohibition, that there were some people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jest, was a real marriage. Sir J. HAWKINS.

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should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could:[4] I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,[5]——There's a simple putting off; —more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,——Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,——Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,——Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me?* indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir:* I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace. Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into

[4] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, at a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNS.

[5] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. WARB.

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seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,——

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,[7]——

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,——

Par. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?——

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin[8] is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit,[9] that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be

[7] Shakspeare, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. Paracelsus, though no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast, was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost jostled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen; and *authentic*, or fashionable, to Paracelsus. WARB.

As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this passage thus:

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists——

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentic fellows——

Par. Right, so I say. JOHNS.

[8] By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. STEEV.

[9] *Facinorous* is wicked. STEEV.

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made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be——
Laf. Generally thankful.[1]

Enter King, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick,[2] as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,[3] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

---

[1] I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus:

Laf. In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.

Par. As to be——

Laf. Generally thankful. JOHNS.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent, are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakspeare were printed (as there is reason to suspect) from these piece-meal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy? STEEV.

[2] *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful, pleasant. STEEV.

[3] i. e. a bay, a docked horse. STEEV.

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All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—
Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou should'st choose ; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever ;[4]
We'll ne'er come there again.
King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?
1 *Lord.* And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.
Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies ;
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !
2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her ?[5] An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid [*To a Lord.*] that I your hand should take ;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er got them.
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

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[4] The *white death* is the *chlorosis*. JOHNS.
The pestilence that ravaged England in the reign of Edward III. was called "the *black death*." STEEV.

[5] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards, but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made. JOHNS.

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Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*To* BER.] but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell,[6] and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;[7]
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,

[6] *Additions* are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other. MAL.

[7] To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening transmitter: thus she inherits beauty *immediately* from *nature*, but honour is transmitted by ancestors. JOHNS.

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And is not like the sire :[8] Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said ?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
Is her own dower ; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad :
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,[9]
I must produce my power : Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam : that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :
Obey our will, which travails in thy good :
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers,[1] and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity : Speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes : When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late

---

[8] *Honour's born* is the *child* of honour. *Born* is here used, as *bairn* still is in the North. HENLEY.

[9] The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies *to free, to disembarrass*, as well as *to destroy*. *Defaire un nœud*, is *to untie a knot* ; and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. TYRWHITT.

[1] One species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this, the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNS.

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Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,[2]
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exe. King*, BERT. HEL. *Lords, and Attendants.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[3] to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art

[2] The *now-born brief*, is the *breve originale* of the feudal times, which, in this instance, formally notified the king's consent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward. HENLEY.

[3] While I sat twice with thee at table. JOHNS.

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thou good for nothing but taking up;[4] and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,[5] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;[6] scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

---

[4] To *take up* is to contradict, to call to account; as well as to pick off the ground. JOHNS. [5] That is, *at a need.* JOHNS.

[6] This the poet makes Parolles speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his pusillanimity even from himself. An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession. WAR.

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Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares forever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;[7]
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

[7] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes, that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. GREY.

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And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak : His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike : War is no strife
To the dark house,[8] and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away : To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard ;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd :
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :
The king has done you wrong ; but, hush ! 'tis so. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Room in the same. Enter HELENA *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : Is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

---

[8] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. Milton says of death and the king of hell preparing to combat :

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
"Grew *darker* at their frown." JOHNS.

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Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.[9]—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.[1]

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the same. Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier?

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

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[9] An allusion, perhaps to the old saying—"Better fed than taught;" to which the Clown has himself alluded in a preceding scene:—"I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught." RITSON.

[1] A specious appearance of necessity. JOHNS.

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Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.[2]

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To* BERT.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to* PAR.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses: and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,——

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is these any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;[3] and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

---

[2] This is a fine discrimination between the possessor of courage, and him that only has the appearance of it. The *bunting* is, in feather, size, and form, so like the *sky-lark*, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner: but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark. J. JOHNSON.

[3] This odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, *to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh*, as our poet says in his Hamlet. THEOBALD.

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Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

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Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much:——nothing, indeed.——
I would not tell you what I would: my lord——'faith, yes;——
Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.
[*Exit* HELENA.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Florence. A Room in the Duke's Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.*

Duke.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,[4]
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not

[4] i. e. One not in the secret of affairs. WARB.
So *inward* is familiar, admitted to secrets. JOHNS.

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Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,[5]
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing;[6] ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling, and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [Reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the* not *eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it,*

[5] i. e. as we say at present, *our young fellows.* STEEV.

[6] The tops of the boots, in our author's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff.* Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle;* and perhaps it should be so here. "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." *Every Man out of his Humour,* Act IV. sc. vi. WHALLEY.

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before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.
Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter HELENA *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[Reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a* then *I write a* never!
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,

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Thou robb'st me of a moiety : He was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?
2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.
Count. And to be a soldier ?
2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose ; and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Count. Return you thither ?
1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*
Count. Find you that there ?
Hel. Ay, madam.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she ; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?
1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.
Count. Parolles, was't not ?
1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.[7]
Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you,
Written to bear along.
2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near ? [*Exe. Countess and Gentlemen.*

[7] That is, his vices stand him in stead. Helen had before delivered this thought in all the beauty of expression :

——"I know him a notorious liar ;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.—" WARB.

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Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion[8] when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the Duke's Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,

[8] i. e. the *ravenous* or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to swallow voraciously. MALONE.

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To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno,[9] *sent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words?
—Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,[1]
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

[9] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.
[1] *Advice*, is discretion or thought. JOHNSON.

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And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.

Without the walls of Florence. A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander : and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it.—Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is her name ; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman, his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. —Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you

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where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so.——Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know, she will lie at my house : thither they send one another : I'll question her.—
God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge,[2] I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is it. Hark you !
They come this way :—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you ?

Dia. The count Rousillon ; Know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him :
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him[3]
Against his liking : Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth ; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

---

[2] Pilgrims that visited holy places ; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus : a *pilgrim* had some dwelling place, the *palmer* none ; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular ; the *pilgrim* might go at his own charge, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty ; the *pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *palmer* must be constant, till he had the *palm* ; that is, victory over his ghostly enemies, and life by death." Blount's *Glossography* voce *Pilgrim*. REED.

[3] *For*, in the present instance, signifies *because*. STEEV.

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Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.[4]
Dia. Alas, poor lady !
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. A right good creature : wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean ?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed ;
And brokes[5] with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else !
Wid. So, now they come :—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?
Dia. He ;
That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would, he lov'd his wife : if he were honester,
He were much goodlier :—Is't not a handsome gentleman ?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest : Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he ?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs : Why is he melancholy ?
Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum ! well.

[4] That is, questioned, doubted. JOHNS.
[5] To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker*, in our author's time, meant a bawd or pimp. MAL.

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Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you! [*Exe.* BER. PAR. &c.

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

Wid. The troop is past:—Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence. Enter BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,[6] when we

[6] i. e. *camp.* DOUCE.

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bring him to our tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.[7] Here he cones.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*[8]

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes

[7] *Tom Drum's entertainment*, is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by the shoulders. THEOBALD.

[8] i. e. *Here lies*;—the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt*. MAL.

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his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned, than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him,[9] you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.[1] He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

---

[9] To *emboss* a deer is to enclose him in a wood. JOHNS. When a deer is run hard, and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is said to be *embossed*. STEEV.

[1] That is, before we strip him naked. JOHNS.

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Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's house. Enter HELENA *and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.[2]

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,[3]
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds

[2] i. e. by discovering herself to the count. WARBURTON.
[3] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

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In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then : It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent : after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded :
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness : It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp. Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

1 *Lord.*

HE can come no other way but by this hedge' corner : When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will ; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter : for we must not seem to understand him ; unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sol.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ?

1 *Sol.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again ?

1 *Sol.* Even such as you speak to me.

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1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.[4] Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.—But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

[4] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay. JOHNSON.

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1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1 *Lord.* *Throcamovousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransome, ransome:—Do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 *Sol.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment.
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sol.* *Boskos vauvado:*——
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sol.* O, pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revania dulche.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sol.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sol.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sol.* *Acordo linta.*——
Come on, thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with* PAR. *guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sol.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—

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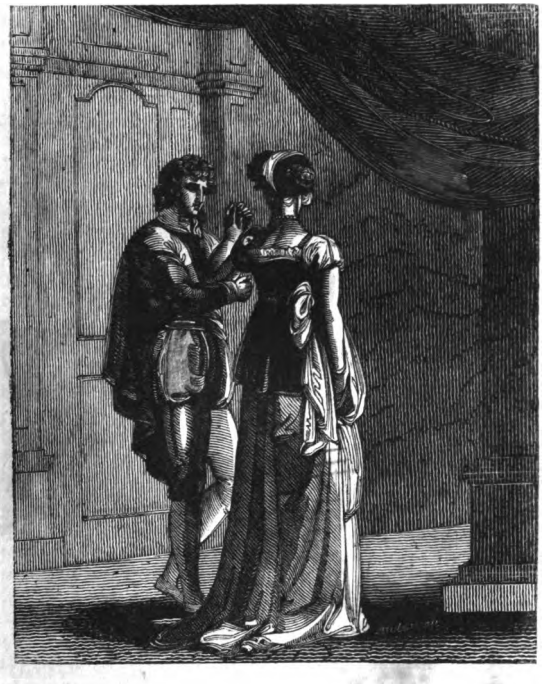

ACT IV. Scene II.

Bertram. Here, take my ring, &c

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Inform 'em that.

2 *Sol.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House. Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess:
And worth it with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will forever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

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Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: Say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.
Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Ex.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,

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When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[5]
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid ;
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Florentine Camp. *Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter ?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since : there is something in't that stings his nature ; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown ; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour : he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion ; as we are ourselves, what things are we !

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends ; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night ?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight ; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company anatomized ; that he might[6] take

[5] *Braid* signifies crafty or deceitful. STEEV.

[6] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition. JOHNS.

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a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.[7]

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

---

[7] *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification,—(a person pretending to be what he is not,) signified also in our author's time a false coin, and a picture. The word *set* shows that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses. MAL.

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Ser. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest: buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module;[8] he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long.[9] How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

---

[8] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue, pretended to make himself a *pattern*. JOHNS.

[9] The punishment of a coward, was to have his spurs hacked off. MAL.

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Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.[1]

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sol.* He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sol. Bosko, chimurcho.*

2 *Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sol.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sol. First demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sol.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sol.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,[2] in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sol.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

---

[1] See an account of the examination of one of Henry VIIIth's captains, who had gone over to the enemy (which may possibly have suggested this of Parolles) in *The Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594, sig. C. iii. RITSON.

[2] To *con thanks* exactly answers the French *scavoir gre.* To *con* is to know. STEEV.

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1 *Sol. Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.* What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,[3] I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,[4] lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sol.* Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories:[5] Demand them singly.

1 *Sol.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child;[6] a dumb innocent, that could not say him, *nay.* [DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

---

[3] Perhaps he meant to say—if I were to *die* this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frighted Scrub cries: "Spare all I have, and take my *life*." TOLLET.

[4] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat. STEEV.

[5] *Intergatories*: i.e. *interrogatories.* REED.

[6] We are not to suppose that this was a *fool* kept by the *sheriff* for his diversion. The custody of all *ideots*, &c. possessed of landed property, belonged to the king, who was entitled to the income of their lands, but obliged to find them with necessaries. This prerogative, when there was a large estate in the case, was generally granted to some court-favourite, or other person who made suit for and had interest enough to obtain it, which was called *begging a fool.* But where the land was of inconsiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits by the *sheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown. As for those unhappy creatures who had neither possessions nor relations, they seem to have been considered as a species of property, being sold or given with as little ceremony, treated as capriciously, and very often, it is to be feared, left to perish as miserably as dogs or cats RITSON.

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1 *Sol.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sol.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sol.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sol.* Here 'tis; here's a paper: Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sol.* Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sol.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sol.* *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before;
And say, a soldier, Dian, *told thee this,*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

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Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sol.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sol.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore once more, to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister;[7] for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sol.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.[8]

1 *Sol.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

[7] I know not that *cloister*, tho' it may etymologically signify *any thing shut*, is used by our author otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this—He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy JOHNS.

[8] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. The speech was applied by King James to Coke, with respect to his subtleties of law, that throw him which way we would, he should still, like a cat, light upon his legs. JOHNS.

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Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[9] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sol.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?[1]

1 *Sol.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sol.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sol.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 *Sol.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sol.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt* BERT. *Lords, &c.*

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[9] The fourth part of the smaller French crown: about eight-pence of our money. MAL.

[1] This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNS.

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1 *Sol.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sol.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House. Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

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As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,——
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.[3] We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;[4]
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, LAFEU, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:[5] your daughter-in-law had been alive at

[3] The meaning of this observation is, that as briers have sweetness with their prickles, so shall these troubles be recompensed with joy. JOHNS.

[4] i. e. the end. MAL.

[5] Parolles is represented as an affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of his master to run into all the follies of it; where he says, 'Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed.' Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using yellow starch for their bands and ruffs. This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd, and, in all respects of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of *villainous saffron.* This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. WAR.

Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1595, speaks of starch of various colours. —"The one arch or piller wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter, which they call startch, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffes, which being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this *startch,* they make of divers substances, of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges: of all colours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like." STEEV.

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this hour, ; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him ! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady : we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a knave, or a fool ?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction ?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave, at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.[6]

Laf. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that ? a Frenchman ?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name ; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that ?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness ; *alias*, the devil.

---

[6] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. SIR J. HAWKINS.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldiers, "take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the speaker's mace. BLACKSTONE.

The word *bauble* is here also used in another sense, besides that which the editor alludes to. M. MASON.

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Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court.[7] I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.[8]

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,[9] but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere

---

[7] Shakspeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman*. WARBURTON.

[8] i. e. mischievously waggish, unlucky. JOHNS.

[9] A *pace* is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*. JOHNS.

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I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son, with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.[1]

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Marseilles. A Street. Enter* HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Helena.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;——

Enter a gentle Astringer.[2]

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

[1] *Carbonadoed*—i. e. scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. So, in *Coriolanus*: "Before Corioli, he scotched and notched him like a *carbonado.*" STEEV.

[2] An *ostringer* or *astringer* is a falconer, and such a character was probably to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So in *Hamlet*:—"We'll e'en to it like French *falconers.*" A *gentle astringer* is a *gentleman falconer.* The word is derived from *ostercus* or *austercus*, a goshawk. STEEV.

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Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. *All's well that ends well;* yet;
Though time seems so advérse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;
—Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace. Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

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Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

—Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d' ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk

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of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat;[3] go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, *Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.[4]

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,——
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;
—We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition;[5]—Let him not ask our pardon;

---

[3] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve. JOHNS.

[4] That is, completely, in its full extent. JOHNS.

[5] The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past. Shakspeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on such other occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedinece, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit: of all this Shakspeare could not be ignorant, but Shakspeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNS.

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The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relicks of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit Gentleman.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,[6]
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:

[6] That is, of *uninterrupted rain*: one of those *wet days* that usually happen about the vernal equinox. The word is still used in the same sense in Virginia, in which government, and especially on the eastern shore of it, where the descendants of the first settlers have been less mixed with later emigrants, many expressions of Shakspeare's time are still current.
HENLEY.

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That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,[7]

[7] Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNS.

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Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:[8] but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,[9]
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.[1]—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

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[8] *Ingaged*, in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MAL.

[9] Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows the tincture which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the matter by which gold is multiplied, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal.—In the reign of Henry the fourth, a law was made to forbid "all men thenceforth to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication." Of which law Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNS.

[1] The *proofs which I have already had* are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*. JOHNSON.

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Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,[2] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] *Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.* DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.[3]

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*
—I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monstrous to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

---

[2] *Removes* are journies or post-stages. JOHNS.

[3] I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toll* him, i. e. enter him on the *toll* or *toll*-book. Alluding (as Dr. Grey observes) to the two statutes relating to the sale of horses, 2 and 3 *Phil. and Mary*, and 31 *Eliz.* c. 12, and publickly *tolling* them in fairs, to prevent the sale of such as were stolen, and to preserve the property to the right owner. STEEV.

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Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease,[4] without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To* BERTRAM.] comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity?

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:

[4] i.e. decease, die. So, in *King Lear*—"Fall and *cease*." STEEV.

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Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it?
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,[5]
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy;[6] and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient;
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

---

[5] *Quoted* has the same sense as *noted*, or *observed*. STEEV.

[6] 'Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, *she got the ring*.' I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, signifies rather *meanly pretty*. JOHNS.

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King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; [7] therefore, stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

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[7] *Too fine*, too full of finesse; too artful. A French expression—*trop fine*. MALONE.

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King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.
King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.
King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.
Dia. I'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.[8]
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.
King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;
[*Exit Widow*.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd;[9]
And at that time he got his wife with child:

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[8] i. e. a common woman. STEEV.

[9] The dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king. JOHNS.

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Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist[1]
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!
Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [*To* PAR.] lend me a handkerchief:
So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[*To* DIANA.

---

[1] This word is used, not very properly, for *enchanter.* JOHNS.

Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorcist,* to imply a person who can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius, in *Julius Cæsar,* says—

"Thou, like an *exorcist,* hast conjur'd up
"My mortified spirit." M. MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So, Minsheu, in his *Dict.* 1617: "The *Conjurer* seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compell the Devill to say or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule:—And both these differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers,* because the former two have personal conference with the Divell, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes,* without apparition." MALONE.

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Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by the honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

Advancing.

The King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this suit be won,*
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;[2]
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[2] The meaning is: Grant us then your patience; hear us without interruption. And *take* our parts; that is, support and defend us. JOHNS.

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TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THERE is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this Comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the 4th vol. of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. Belleforest took the story as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. It is not impossible, however, that the circumstances of the Duke sending his Page to plead his cause with the Lady, and of the Lady's falling in love with the Page, &c. might be borrowed from the Fifth Eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his other original Poems in 1563.

STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

JOHNSON.

The first edition of this play is in the folio of 1623.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.*
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *gentlemen, attending on the duke.*
Sir TOBY BELCH, *uncle of Olivia.*
Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, *Clown,* } *servants to Olivia.*

OLIVIA, *a rich countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the duke.*
MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.*

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TWELFTH-NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace. Enter Duke,* CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke.

IF music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.——
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,[1]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.[2]—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity

[1] Amongst the beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For, as a south wind, while blowing over a violet bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it at the same time communicates its own sweetness to it; so the soft affecting music, here described, though it takes away the natural sweet tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the same time, it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of music, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-same strains of Orpheus proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such music,

"That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice." *L'Allegro.*

If to melancholy,—

"Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek." *Il Penseroso.* WARB.

[2] Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, B. IV. has very successfully introduced the same image:

"——now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they *stole*
Those balmy spoils." STEEV.

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Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;[3]
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now ? what news from her ?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king !—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast. Enter VIOLA, *Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

---

[3] This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana naked and was torn to pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant

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My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd :—What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,—
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O, that I served that lady:

---

longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes by shewing that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNS.

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And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA'*s House. Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too, an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

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Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo,[5] and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril,[6] that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.[7] What, wench? Castiliano vulgo;[8] for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

---

[5] The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument; from the Italian word Gamba, the leg; it being held between the legs when played upon. STEEV

[6] i. e. a coward cock. It may however be a *keystril*, or a bastard hawk; a kind of stone-hawk. A *coystril* is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. TOLLET.

[7] This is one of the customs now laid aside A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischi f, while they could not work. STEEV.

"To sleep like a *town-top*." is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise. BLACKSTONE

[8] We should read *volto*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. WARB.

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Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost?*

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.[9]

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* MAR.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in

[9] According to the rules of physiognomy, she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. JOHNS.

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fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house-wife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one, she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?[1] why dost

---

[1] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. A life of this woman was published, 12mo. in 1662. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partook of both sexes, the *curtain* which *Sir Toby* mentions would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristic. STEEV.

It is for the sake of correcting a mistake of Dr. Grey, that I observe this is the character alluded to in the second of the following lines: and not *Mary Carleton*, the German Princess, as he has very erroneously and unaccountably imagined:

"A bold virago stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or *English Mall*." *Hudibras*, P. I. c. iii.

The latter of these lines is borrowed by Swift in his *Baucis and Philemon*. RITSON.

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thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace.[2] What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart?[3]

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

---

[2] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[3] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON.

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Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in OLIVIA'*s House. Enter* MARIA, *and Clown.*[4]

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer:[5] I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

[4] *Clown.*—It may not be amiss, from a passage in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to this character:—"I saw one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a *clowne*, as I began to call Tarleton's woonted shape to remembrance." STEEV.

Such perhaps was the dress of the Clown in this comedy, in *All's well that ends well*, &c. The Clown, however, in *Measure for Measure*, (as an anonymous writer has observed) is only the tapster of a brothel, and probably was not so apparelled. MAL.

[5] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* answer. JOHNSON.

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Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.[6]

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.[7]

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and, sin that amends, is but patched with virtue: If

[6] It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer; and the sense of the passage is: "If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniencies of dismission; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge." STEEVENS.

[7] *Points* were metal hooks, fastened to the hose or breeches, (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. BLACKSTONE.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Their *points* being broken,—down fell their hose." STEEVENS.

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that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know, his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.[8]

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-

[8] i. e. *fools' baubles*, which had upon the top of them the *head of a fool.* DOUCE

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bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.[9]

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.]—Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.]—Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here——A plague o'these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

[9] May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools. JOH.

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Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,[1] and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,
——I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house,

---

[1] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. WARB.

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for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.[2]

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

---

[2] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNS.

To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. STEEV.

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Vio. The rudeness, that hath appeared in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: [*Exit* MAR.] we will hear this divinity.—Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face?

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present: Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.[3]

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will. As, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?[4]

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,

---

[3] How much more elegantly is this thought expressed by Shakspeare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philaster*:

"I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth,
Without an *heir*."

[4] i. e. to *appraise* or *appreciate* me. The foregoing words, *schedules*, and *inventories*, shew, I think, that this is the meaning. MAL.

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With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.[5]

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd,[6] free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,[7]
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air[8]
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.——I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!

[5] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598:
"Jove *thunder'd out a sigh*."
[6] Well spoken of by the world. MAL.
[7] *Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time. MAL.
[8] A most beautiful expression for an *echo*. DOUCE.

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Unless the master were the man.——How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.——
What, ho, Malvolio!——

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.* *Enter* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Antonio.

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound?

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had

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been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: Farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

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Vio. I left no ring with her; What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge?[8] My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA'*s House. Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled cann: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.[9]

[8] To *fadge*, it to suit, to fit, to go with. STEEV.

[9] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament and balance of the four elements in the human frame. WARB.

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Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine![1]

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?[2]

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman;[3] Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity;[4] for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock:[5] My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

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[1] A *stoop* seems to have been something more than half a gallon. REED.

[2] An allusion to an old print, sometimes pasted on the wall of country ale-houses, representing *two*, but under which the spectator reads—
"*We three* are asses." HENLEY.

[3] The money was given him for his *leman*, i.e. his mistress. STEEV.

[4] We must read—*I did* impetticoat *thy* gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand. JOHNS.

It is a very gross mistake to imagine this character was habited like an *idiot*. Neither he nor *Touchstone*, though they wear a particoloured dress, has either *coxcomb* or *bauble*, nor is by any means to be confounded with the *Fool* in *King Lear*, nor even, I think, with the one in *All's well that ends well*.—*A Dissertation on the Fools of Shakspeare*, a character he has most judiciously varied and discriminated, would be a valuable addition to the notes on his plays. RITSON.

[5] A *whip-stock* is I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself. STEEV.

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Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,[5]
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?[6] Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?[7] Shall we do that?
Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.
Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*
Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*
Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin.
[*They sing a catch.*[8]

---

[5] This line is obscure; we might read:
Come, a kiss then, sweet and twenty.
Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment. JOHNS.

[6] That is drink till the sky seems to run round. JOHNS.

[7] Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. And the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls; the *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. By the mention of these three, therefore, we may suppose it was Shakspeare's purpose, to hint to us those surprising effects of music, which the ancients speak of. When they tell us of Amphion, who moved stones and trees; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed savage beasts; and Timotheus, who governed as he pleased the passions of his human auditors. So noble an observation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character. WARB.

I doubt whether our author had any allusion to this division of souls. I believe, he here only means to describe Sir Toby's catch as so harmonious, that it would hale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song,) *thrice over.* MAL.

[8] This catch is lost. JOHNS.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.*[9] Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley,[1] lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*[2] [*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice?[3] Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up![4]

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

---

[9] *Three merry men be we*, may, perhaps, have originally been taken from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner.* TYRWHITT.

Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song. SIR J HAWKINS.

[1] *Tilly-Valley* is a hunting phrase borrowed from the French. DOUCE.

[2] The ballad of *Susanna*, from whence this line is taken was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of *The goodly and constant Wyfe Susanna.* T. WARTON.

[3] A *cozier* is a tailor, from *coudre* to sew, part. *cousu*, Fr. JOHNS.

Minshieu tells us, that *cozier* is a cobler or sowter: and, in Northamptonshire, the waxed thread which a cobler uses in mending shoes, we call a *codger's* end. WHALLEY.

[4] In *King Henry IV.* P. I Falstaff says. "The Prince is a Jack, a *Sneak-cup*," i.e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I should not however omit to mention that *sneck the door* is a northern country expression for *latch the door*

Mr. Malone and others observe, that from the manner in which this cant phrase is employed in our ancient comedies, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression—*Go hang yourself.* STEEV.

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Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.[5]

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?[6]

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums:[7]—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;[8] she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go, shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,[9] and

---

[5] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* STEEV.

[6] It was the custom on holidays and saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The *Puritans* called this superstition; and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio is a kind of Puritan.* See Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Busy,* Act I. sc.iii. in B.Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair.* LETHERLAND.

[7] Stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants. The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by *rubbing it with crumbs.* See Webster's *Duchess of Malfy,* 1623:

"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scouer his gold chain.*" STEEV.

[8] *Rule* is method of life; so *misrule* is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

[9] A *nayword* is what has been since called a *byeword,* a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEV.

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make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass,[1] that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:[2] the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.[3]

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

---

[1] *Affection'd* means *affected.* STEEV.

[2] A *swarth* is as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe. STEEV.

[3] i.e. Amazon. STEEV.

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Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.——Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.[3]

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to-bed now: Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music:——Now, good-morrow, friends:——
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:——
—Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*

—Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:

[3] i.e. call me horse. So, Falstaff in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "—spit in my face, call me *horse.*" *Curtal,* which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i.e. a horse, whose tail has been docked,) and *Cut,* were probably synonymous. MAL.

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My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, *and Clown.*

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:
—Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids[4] that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,[5]
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.[6]

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;[7]
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

---

[4] *Free* is, perhaps, vacant, unengaged, easy in mind. JOHNSON.

[5] It is plain, simple truth. JOHNS.

[6] The *old age* is the *ages past*, the times of simplicity. JOHNSON.

[7] i.e. in a shroud of *cypress* or *cyprus*. Thus Autolycus, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"Lawn as white as driven snow,
"*Cyprus black* as e'er was crow."
There was both black and white *cyprus*, as there is still black and white *crape*; and ancient shrouds were always made of the latter. STEEV.

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My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal ![8]—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where ; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exe.* CURIO *and Attendants.*

—Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

---

[8] So Milton, describing the walls of heaven :
"With *opal* tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd.
The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights. "In the *opal* (says P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. History*, B. XXXVII. c. 6.) you shall see the burning fire of the carbuncle or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyst, the green sea of the emerald, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." STEEV.

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Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; Must she not then be answer'd ?
Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can 'bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know,——
Duke. What dost thou know ?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history ?
Vio. A blank, my lord : She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.[9] Was not this love, indeed ?

[9] Mr. Theobald supposes this might possibly be borrowed from Chaucer.

"And her besidis wonder discreetlie
Dame *pacience* ysitting there I fonde
With face pale, upon a hill of sonde."

And adds : "If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening the picture ! How much does the *green and yellow melancholy* transcend the old bard's *pale face ;* the *monument* his *hill of sand.*"—I hope this critic does not imagine Shakspeare meant to give us a picture of the face of patience, by his *green and yellow melancholy ;* because, he says it transcends the pale face of patience given us by Chaucer. To throw patience into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The *green* and *yellow* then belonged not to patience, but to her who sat like patience. To give patience a pale face was proper ; and had Shakspeare described her, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakspeare is speaking of a marble statue of patience ; Chaucer of patience herself. And the two representations of her are in quite different views. Our poet speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to patience exercised on the death of friends and relations : which affords him the beautiful picture of *patience on a monument.* The old bard speaking of patience herself, directly, and not by comparison as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say under the losses of shipwreck. And now we see why she is represented as *sitting on a hill of sand,* to design the scene to be the sea-shore

We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,[1]
And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not :—
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

OLIVIA's *Garden.* *Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue :—Shall we not, sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

It is finely imagined ; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable poet. But the critic thought, in good earnest, that Chaucer's invention was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his goddess, but left her, like a stroller, sunning herself upon a heap of sand. WARB.

Dr. Percy thinks, that *grief* may here mean *grievance*, in which sense it is used in Dr. Powel's *History of Wales*, quarto, p 356 MAL.

Ancient tombs, indeed, (if we must construe *grief* into *grievance*, and Shakspeare has certainly used the former word for the latter,) frequently exhibit cumbent figures of the deceased, and over these an image of *Patience*, without impropriety, might express a smile of complacence :

> "Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
> With calm submission lift the adoring eye
> Even to the storm that wrecks her."

I cannot help adding, that, to smile *at* grief, is as justifiable an expression as to rejoice *at* prosperity, or repine *at* ill fortune. It is not necessary we should suppose the good or bad event, in either instance, is an object visible, except to the eye of imagination. STEEVENS.

[1] This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, that the sister died of her love ; she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house WARB.

[2] *Denay*, is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Holinshed. STEEVENS.

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Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?[3]

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.[4]

[*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes![5]

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;——

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.[6]

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

---

[3] The *nettle of India* is the plant that produces what is called cow itch, a substance only used for the purpose of tormenting, by its itching quality. M. MASON.

[4] Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595, will prove an able commentator on this passage: "This fish of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will suffer itselfe to be rubbed and clawed, and so to be taken. Whose example I would wish no maides to follow, least they repent afterclaps."

[5] To *jet* is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. STEEV.

[6] Here is an allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered. JOHNSON.

The story which our poet had in view, is perhaps alluded to by Lyly in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "——assuring myself there was a certain season when women are to be won; in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to mistrust. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutchess of Milaine: such a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* chose, to get the fairest lady in Mantua." MAL.

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Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,[7]——

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye![8]

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch,[9] or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:[1]

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.[2]

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your neice, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

---

[7] A *state*, in ancient language, signifies a chair with a canopy over it. STEEV.

[8] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones. JOHNS.

[9] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNS.

[1] From this passage one might suspect that the manner of paying respect, which is now confined to females, was equally used by the other sex. It is probable, however, that the word *court'sy* was employed to express acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiscriminately. REED.

[2] I believe the true reading is: "Though our silence be drawn from us with *carts*, yet peace." In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, one of the Clowns says: "I have a mistress, but who that is, *a team of horses* shall not pluck from me." So, in this play: "Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together." JOHNS.

It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning. STEEV.

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Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Here *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [Reads.] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax. ——Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads.] *Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered! —*No man must know:*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![4]

Mal. I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*——Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it![5]

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this

---

[4] i. e. badger. He uses the word as a term of contempt, as if he had said, *hang thee*, cur! *Out*, filth! to stink like a *brock* being proverbial. RITSON.

[5] *Stannyel*, is the name of a kind of hawk. HANMER.

To *check*, says Latham in his book of Falconry is, "when crows, rooks, pies or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them." STEEV.

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is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this ;—And the end,——What should that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make that resemble something in me,——Softly !——M, O, A, I.——

Sir To. O, ay ! make up that :—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.[6]

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio ;——*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.[7]

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I ;—This simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ; here follows prose.——*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants : let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity : She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings ; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered : I say, remember. Go to ; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champian discovers not more : this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle

[6] *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. STEEV

[7] By *O* is meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNS.
I believe he means only, *it shall end in sighing*. STEEV.

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Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point-device*, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'y thee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA's *Garden.* *Enter* VIOLA, *and Clown with a tabor.*

Vio. SAVE thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but

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the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.[9]

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard,[1] check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.[2]

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

---

[9] See our author's play of *Troilus and Cressida.* JOHNS.

[1] The hawk called the *haggard,* if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. STEEV.

[2] The *list* is the bound, limit, farthest point. JOHNS.

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Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

—Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.[3]

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exe. Sir* TOBY, *Sir* AND. *and* MARIA.]—Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:——

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chace of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine houour at the stake,

[3] *Pregnant* for ready. STEEV.
Vouchsafed for vouchsafing. MAL.

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And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus,[4] not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise;[5] for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-hoe:[6]
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

[4] A cyprus is a transparent stuff. JOHNSON.
[5] A *step*, sometimes written *greese*, from *degres*, French. JOHNS.
[6] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. STEEV.

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And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA'*s House. Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist,[7] as a politician.

[7] The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. *Robert Browne*, a noted separatist in Queen Elizabeth's reign. (See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c.) In his life of Whitgift, p. 919, he informs us, that

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand;[8] be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your-

Browne, in the year 1589, "went off from the separation, and came into the communion of the church. This *Browne* was descended from an ancient and honourable family in Rutlandshire; his grandfather Francis had a charter granted him by K. Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament; giving him leave "to put on his hat in the presence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord spiritual or temporal in the land, and not to put it off, but for his own ease and pleasure." *Neal's History of New-England*, Vol. 1. p. 58. GREY.

The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. STEEV.

[8] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed. A curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites. JOHNS.

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selves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him;[9] if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befal your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

[9] We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which Queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the Earl of Essex, was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour. STEEV

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Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.
Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me ;
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.
Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.
Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse ;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse ?
Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.——
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA's *Garden.* *Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : He says, he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;——
Where is Malvolio ?
Mar. He's coming, madam ;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.
Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

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Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile : your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come ;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.
Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—
Enter MALVOLIO.
How now, Malvolio ?
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho ! [*Smiles fantastically.*
Oli. Smil'st thou ?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady ? I could be sad : This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ; But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter with thee ?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs : It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.
Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio ?
Mal. To bed ? ay, sweet-heart ; and I'll come to thee.
Oli. God comfort thee ! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft ?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio ?
Mal. At your request ? Yes ; nightingales answer daws.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady ?
Mal. Be not afraid of greatness :—'Twas well writ.
Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio ?
Mal. Some are born great,—
Oli. Ha ?
Mal. Some achieve greatness,—
Oli. What say'st thou ?
Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.
Oli. Heaven restore thee !
Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings ;—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings ?
Mal. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.
Oli. Cross-gartered ?
Mal. Go to : thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ;—
Oli. Am I made ?
Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

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Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him.—[*Exit Serv.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exe.* OLI. *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:*—Fellow![2] not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal

[2] This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNS.

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gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier![3]

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the

[3] The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness: "Like Will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier." JOHNS.

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device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.[4] But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it? I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear

[4] This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy. JOHNS.

Finders of madmen must have been those who acted under the writ *De lunatico inquirendo*; in virtue whereof they *found* the man *mad*. It does not appear that a *finder of madmen* was ever a profession, which was most certainly the case with *witch-finders*. RITSON.

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horrible :[5] for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less ; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour ; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece : give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out :
There's something in me, that reproves my fault ;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny ;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : Fare thee well ;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

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[5] Adjectives are often used by our author and his contemporaries, adverbially. MAL.

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Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration;[6] but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,[7] is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence,

---

[6] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a Knight Banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet-knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNS.

[7] *Hob nob.*—This adverb is corrupted from *hap, ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*; that is, let it happen or not; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance. STEEV.

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ACT III. Scene IV.

Sir Andrew. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challenged him.

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nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in,[8] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you[9] as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse, [*To* FAB.] to take up the quarrel; have per-suaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him;[1] and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

[8] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. STEEV. [9] i. e. hits you, does for you. STEEV.

[1] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. MAL.

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Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it:[2] but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[3] I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONIO.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [*To Sir* ANDREW.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,

[2] i. e. By the laws of the *Duello*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety. STEEV.

[3] *Undertakers* were persons employed by the King's purveyors to take up provisions for the royal household, and were nodoubt exceedingly odious. But still, I think, the speaker intends a quibble; the simple meaning of the word being one who undertakes, or takes up the quarrel or business of another. RITSON.

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Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.——
Take him away ; he knows, I know him well.
Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you ;
But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.
What will you do ? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse : It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myself. You stand amaz'd ;
But be of comfort.
2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir ?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;
I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there is half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now ?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none ;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. O heavens themselves !
2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
1 *Off.* What's that to us ? The time goes by ; away.
Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous-evil

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Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.[4]
1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
—Come, come, sir.
Ant. Lead me on. [*Exe. Officers with* ANTONIO.
Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir To. Come hither, knight;—come hither, Fabian;
We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass;[5] even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*
Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit Sir* ANDREW.
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S HOUSE. *Enter* SEBASTIAN *and Clown.*

Clown.
WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?
Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

---

[4] In the time of Shakspeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides, with scroll work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. STEEV.

[5] I suppose Viola means—*As often as I behold myself in my glass*, I think I *see my brother alive*: i.e. I acknowledge that his resemblance survives in the reflection of my own figure. STEEV.

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Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly some where else; Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,[6] depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.[7]

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* SEB.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

---

[6] Greek, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakspeare, especially in *Timon of Athens* and *Henry IV.* WARBURTON.

[7] Perhaps *fourteen years' purchase* was, in Shakspeare's time, the highest price for land. Lord Bacon's *Essay on Usury* mentions *sixteen* years purchase. "I will not give more than according to *fifteen* years purchase," said a dying usurer to a clergyman, who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven. TOLLET.

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Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
[*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
—Be not offended, dear Cesario:—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exe. Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent[8]
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up,[9] that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.[1]

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA'*s House. Enter* MARIA *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself

[8] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general. JOHNS.

[9] A coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad tailor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumsily. JOHNS.

[1] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The sense however is easy enough. JOHNS.

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in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.[2]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*:[3] so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,——Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows[4] transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

---

[2] That is, the confederates or associates. M. MASON.

[3] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis & præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, "whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be; with much trifling of the like kind. WARB.

[4] A *bay-window* is the same as a bow-window; a window in a recess, or bay. STEEV.

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Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.[5]

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.[6]

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exe. Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

---

[5] A settled, a determinate, a regular question. JOHNS.

[6] I can turn my hand to any thing; I can assume any character I please; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters. Montagnie, speaking of Aristotle, says, that "he hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things. MALONE.

The word *water*, as used by jewellers, denotes the colour and the lustre of diamonds; and from thence is applied, though with less propriety, to the colour and hue of other precious stones. I think that Shakspeare, in this place, alludes to this sense of the word *water*. The Clown is complimented by Sir Toby, for personating Sir *Topas* so exquisitely; to which he replies, that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *Topax*, which is the name of a jewel, and was also that of the Curate. M. MASON.

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Mal. Fool,——
Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*
Mal. Fool,——
Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*
Mal. Fool, I say;——
Clo. *She loves another*——Who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.
Clo. Master Malvolio!
Mal. Ay, good fool.
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
Mal. They have here propertied me;[7] keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.
Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. —Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.
Mal. Sir Topas,——
Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.[8]—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good sir Topas. —Marry, amen.——I will, sir, I will.
Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,——
Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.[9]
Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.
Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.
Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?
Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

[7] They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNS.
[8] Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas. JOHNS.
[9] i. e. *scolded, reproved.* REED.

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Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,* [Singing
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,[1]
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's *Garden. Enter* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[2]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,

[1] The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. JOHN.
This character was always acted in a *mask*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis a vis*, which is, literally, *face to face*. STEEV.

[2] *Credit*, for account, information. WARB.

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As, I perceive, she does : there's something in't,
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA *and a Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by : there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace : He shall conceal it,
Whiles[3] you are willing it shall come to note ;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ;——And heavens so shine,[4]
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'*s House. Enter Clown and* FABIAN.

Fabian.

NOW, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends ?

Clo. Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well ; How dost thou, my good fellow ?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

---

[3] *Whiles* is until. This word is still so used in the northern countries. JOHNS.

[4] Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying : "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls." STEEV.

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Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,[5] why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; There's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter ANTONIO *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;

---

[5] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, the Queen says to the Moor: "Come let's kisse."

Moor. "Away, away."

Queen. "No, no, sayes *I*; and *twice away*, sayes *stay*."

Sir Phillip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his *Astrophel and Stella*. FARMER.

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Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple[6] did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,[7]
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use

[6] *Scathful,*—i. e. mischievous, destructive. STEEV.
[7] Unattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man. JOHN.

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Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
——Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam?
Duke. Gracious Olivia,——
Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,——
Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,[8]
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savours nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

[8] *Fat* means dull; so we say a fat-headed fellow: *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene*. JOHNS.

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Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.——
Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Duke. Come away. [*To* VIOLA.
Oli. Whither my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:[9]
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

[9] *Suppress* or disown thy property. MAL.

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Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sew'd a grizzle on thy case?[1]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,——

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He'as broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:——You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *drunk, led by the Clown.*

—Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin,[2] I hate a drunken rogue.

---

[1] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin* We yet talk of a *fox-case* meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. JOHNS.

[2] The *pavan*, from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majestick dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap

Oli. Away with him : Who hath made this havock with them ?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave ? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir* TOBY, *and Sir* ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you ;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.[3]

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

---

and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the step, in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavin has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. The courant, the jig, and the hornpipe, are sufficiently known at this day. *Passy-Measure* is undoubtedly a corruption from *passamezzo* SIR. J. HAWKINS.

It is in character, that Sir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavin* are described to be. TYRWHITT.

It is one of Shakspeare's unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always consistent. Even in drunkenness they preserve the traits which distinguished them when sober. Sir Toby, in the first Act of this play, shewed himself well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance. MALONE.

[3] *Perspective* means a glass used for optical delusion, or a glass generally. DOUCE.

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Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* VIOLA.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.
Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
[*To* OLIVIA
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:—
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* VIOLA.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over swear;

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And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand ;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,
Is now in durance ; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
Oli. He shall enlarge him :—Fetch Malvolio hither :—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy[4] of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah ?
Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do : he'as here write a letter to you ; I should have given it you to-day morning ; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.
Oli. Open it, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman :—*By the Lord, madam,*— [Reads.
Oli. How now ! art thou mad ?
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*
Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.
Clo. So I do, madona ; but to read his right wits, is to read thus :[5] therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.
Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think*

[4] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. WARB.

[5] To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter as I now do, like a madman. JOHNSON.

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of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.—

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
—Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex, [*To* VIOLA.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's misstress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:—
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:[6]
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck,[7] and gull,

[6] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNS. [7] A fool. JOHNS.

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That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.
Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!
Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:——*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*——But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.
[*Exit.*
Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convents,[8]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,

[8] i.e. shall serve, agree, be convenient DOUCE.

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We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come ;
For so you shall be, while you are a man ;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clo. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

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WINTER'S TALE.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THIS play throughout is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

> Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth,) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the Queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

> " ————for honour,
> " 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
> " And only that I stand for."

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant Princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born Princess, and her likeness to her father, says: " *She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the King:

> " ————'Tis yours;
> " And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
> " So like you, 'tis the worse."——

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *his son.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION, } *Sicilian lords.*
Another Sicilian lord.
ROGERO, *a Sicilian gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia.*
FLORIZEL, *his son.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
TIME, *as chorus.*

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a lady,*
Two other ladies, } *attending the queen.*
MOPSA,
DORCAS, } *shepherdesses.*

Lord, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE—Sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.

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WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Antechamber in* LEONTES' *Palace. Enter* CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation, which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves :[1] for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beseech you,——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.——We will give you sleepy drinks ; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal,

[1] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

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have been royally attornied,[2] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;[3] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject,[4] makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one *we-thank-you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

---

[2] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNS.

[3] *Vastum* was the ancient term for *waste* uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.

[4] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

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Leo. Stay your thanks awhile ;
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow
No sneaping winds at home,[5] to make us say,
This is put forth too truly ! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leo. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leo. We'll part the time between's then : and in that
I'll no gain-saying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leo. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ;[6] say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leo. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
[*To* POLIXENES.
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,

[5] *Nipping* winds. HOLT WHITE.
[6] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

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To let him there a month, behind the gest[7]
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.[8]—You'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.[9]
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

[7] In the time of *royal progresses* the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *giste diversorium*. WARB.

Gests, or rather *gists*, from the French *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the King or Prince intended to lie every night during his *Progress*. MAL.

[8] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. STEEVENS.

[9] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. STEEV.

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With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[1]
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot !
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not,
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet ?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leo. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never ?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What ? have I twice said well ? when was't before ?
I pr'ythee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages : You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ;
My last good was, to entreat his stay ;
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were Grace !
But once before I spoke to the purpose : When ?
Nay, let me have't ; I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

[1] That is, setting aside *original sin* ; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven. WARB.

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And clap thyself my love ;[2] then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice :
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other, for some while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.
Leo. Too hot, too hot : [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent : it may, I grant :
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer ;[3] O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leo. I'fecks ?[4]
Why, that's my bawcock.[5] What, hast smutch'd thy nose ?
—They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling[6]
[*Observing* POLIX. *and* HERMI.
Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf ?
Art thou my calf ?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

---

[2] She opened her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakspeare often alludes. MALONE.

[3] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

[4] A supposed corruption of—*in faith.* Our present vulgar pronounce it —*fegs.* STEEV.

[5] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq.* It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game.* STEEV.

[6] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals.* JOHNS.

A *virginal*, as I am informed is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsicord. STEE.

A virginal was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a pianoforte. MAL.

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Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,[7]
To be full like me :—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say any thing : But were they false
As o'er-died blacks,[8] as wind, as waters ; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye :[9] Sweet villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop !—Can thy dam ?—may't be ?
Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre :[1]
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,[2]
Communicat'st with dreams ;—(How can this be ?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing : Then, 'tis very credent,[3]
Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou dost ;
(And that beyond commission ; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia ?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord ?
What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction :
Are you mov'd, my lord ?
Leo. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,

---

[7] Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the shoots that I have, in connection with the context, signifies—to make thee a *calf* thou must have the *tuft* on thy forehead and the *young horns* that *shoot* up in it, as I have. HENLEY.
I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head* Many words, that are now only used in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. MAL.

[8] It is common with tradesmen, to die their faded or damaged stuffs black. *O'er-died blacks* may mean those which have received a die over their former colour. STEEV.

[9] Blue-eye ; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky. JOHN.

[1] *Intention*, in this passage, means eagerness of attention. M MASON.

[2] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNS.

[3] *Credent*—i.e. credible. STEEV.

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In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[4] this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[5]

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will? why, happy man be his dole![6]—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.[7]

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*Aside, observing* POLIX. *and* HER.

---

[4] A *squash* is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it. HENLEY

[5] The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense: "The French infantery skirmisheth bravely afarre off and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat *they will take eggs for their* money. REED.

[6] The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provisions given to the poor, in great families. STEEV.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. NICHOLS.

[7] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNS.

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How she holds up the nab,[8] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
[*Exeunt* POLIX. HER. *and Attendants.*
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.[9]——
Go, play, boy, play;——thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckold's ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,[1] by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
—What! Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leo. Go play, Mamillius; Thou'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.[2]

---

[8] This word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*. STEEV.

[9] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold*. JOHNS.

[1] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each other's fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. STEEV.

[2] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold*. STEEV.

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Leo. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leo. Didst perceive it?——
They're here with me already;[3] whispering, rounding,[4]
Sicilia is a so-forth:[5] 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.[6]—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leo. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,[7]
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leo. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been

---

[3] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present. THIRLBY.

[4] To *round in the ear* is to *whisper* or to *tell secretly*. The expressison is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOH.

[5] This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakspeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleet Market, I lately heard one woman describing another, say—"Every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth*." As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom. STEEV.

[6] *Gust it*—i. e. taste it. STEEV.

[7] I believe *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. Formerly not only at every great man's table the visitants were placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the great saltseller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarser provision set before them. STEEV.

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Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honesty behind,[8] restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard;
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to

[8] To *hox* is to ham-string. STEEV.
The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-string. MAL.

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Before her troth plight: say it, and justify it.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.[9]
Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,[1] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leo. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leo. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck,[2] Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,

[9] i. e. Your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed,) for which you suspect her. WARB.
[1] Disorders in the eye. STEEV.
[2] It should be remembered that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. The Knights of the Garter wore the George in this manner till the time of Charles I. MAL.

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Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,——

Leo. Make't thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without right moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[3]

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all:

[3] To *blench* is to start off, to shrink. STEEV.

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Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example[4]
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;[5] and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not

[4] An allusion to the death of the Queen of Scots. The play, therefore, was written in King James's time. BLACKSTONE.

[5] This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred. M. MASON.

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Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto,
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,[6]—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

[6] I know not whether *success* here does not mean *succession*. JOHNS.

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Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,[7]—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,[8] and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have uttered truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;

[7] i. e. To draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays was the *tempter* to evil. WARB.
The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. STEEV.
[8] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled *belief*. STEE.

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Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.——This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: Come, sir, away. [*Exe.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* *Enter* HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my good lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

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Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye ;
The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter :
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, sir.
Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites : you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,——
Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard ;—I will tell it softly ;
Yon' crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and others.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scower so on their way : I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leo. How bless'd am I
In my just censure ?[9] in my true opinion ?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge ![1]—How accurs'd
In being so blest ! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,[2] and one may drink ; depart,
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present

[9] *Censure*, in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this instance,) for judgment, opinion MAL.
[1] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNS
[2] That spiders were esteem'd venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T Overbury's affair : "The Countesse wished me to get the *strongest poyson* I could. &c. Accordingly I bought *seven——great spiders*, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

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The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts :[3]—I have drank, and seen the spider.
——Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will :—How came the posterns
So easily open ?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.——
Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her :
Away with him :—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not ;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable :
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
That mercy does ; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

[3] *Hefts* are heavings. STEEV.

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The most replenishd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.[4]

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her;[5] and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal,[6] that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.[7]—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:

---

[4] Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalio:

"——Should the bravest man
That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:
My friend may be mistaken." STEEV.

[5] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEV.

[6] *But*, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. MALONE.

[7] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. JOHNS.

Milton has expressed the same thought in more exalted langage:

——— "if this fail
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble." STEEV.

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I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.[8]—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leo. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.——My women, come; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife;[9] I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,

---

[8] An astrological phrase. The *aspect* of the stars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be such till the age in which Milton tells us—
"——the swart star sparely *looks*." STEEV.

[9] In the Teutonick language, *hund-stall* or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however, may mean *station*, *stabillis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MAL.

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Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,——
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him;[1] Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't:—by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leo. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.[2]
Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leo. What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,

[1] *Land-damn* is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which after a short, time reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNS.

[2] Some stage direction seems necessary in this place; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Dr. Johnson gives—*striking his brows* STEEV.

Leontes must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard, or arm, or some other part of Antigonus. MAL.

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The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,[3]
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding;
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency:[4] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.
Leo. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison. Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!

[3] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNS.
[4] That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNS.

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No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!——Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Keep. So please you, madam,
To put a-part these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*
Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.—

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be sworn:——
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king![5] beshrew them!

[5] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue to signify *frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantic.) THEOBALD.

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He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more :—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest : We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand : Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd : not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; more weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adultress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain,[6] plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?
1 *Atten.* My lord? [*Advancing.*
Leo. How does the boy?
1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.
Leo. To see,
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Atten.*]——Fie, fie! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me;
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.

[6] *Blank* and *level*, mean *mark* and *aim*; they are terms of gunnery. DOUCE.

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1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; commanded,
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
I come to bring him sleep.—'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;
Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.
Leo. What noise there, ho ?
Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.
Leo. How ?——
Away with that audacious lady :—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me,
I knew, she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leo. What, canst not rule her ?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can : in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. Lo you now ; you hear !
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,——
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,[7]
Than such as most seem yours :—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leo. Good queen !
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say, good queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I,
A man, the worst about you.

[7] To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*. MAL.

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Leo. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;
But, first, I'll do my errand.——The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leo. Out !
A mankind witch ![8] Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd !
Paul. Not so :
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me : and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leo. Traitors !
Will you not push her out ? give her the bastard :—
Thou, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tir'd,[9] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.[1]
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't ![2]
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did ; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A nest of traitors !
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I ; nor any,
But one, that's here ; and that's himself : for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

---

[8] A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women ; therefore Sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "that he does not like when a woman has a beard." JOHNS.

[9] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman ; *hen-pecked*. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. STEEV.

[1] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *crone* is an old toothless sheep ; thence an old woman. STEEV.

[2] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to to *take up the bastard* ; Paulina forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, perverted with violence to truth. JOHNS.

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His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leo. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't;[3] lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's![4]

Leo. A gross hag!——
And, lozel,[5] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burn'd.

---

[3] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy. JOHNS.

[4] In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. Unless she were *herself* "a bed-swerver," (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it in the present instance, a pang that it can never give. MAL.

I regard this circumstance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The seeming absurdity in the last clause of Paulina's ardent address to Nature, was undoubtedly designed, being an extravagance characteristically preferable to languid correctness and chastized declamation. STEEV.

[5] This is a term of contempt frequently used by Spenser. STEEV.

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Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
—Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis your's: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leo. You are liars all.
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.
Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—

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Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
You, that have been so tenderly officious [*To* ANT.
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,[6]—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,[7]
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,——
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,——
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done

---

[6] The King must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on the former occasion, (See p. 24, n. 2,) it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

[7] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross that was on the handle of a sword. STEEV.

I remember to have seen the name of Jesus engraved upon the pummel of the sword of a Crusader in the Church at Winchelsea. DOUCE.

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Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side.
—Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*
Leo. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.
1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street in some Town. Enter* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleomenes.

THE climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

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Dio. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,——O, be't so !——
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business : When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses ;
——And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Court of Justice. LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers, appear, properly seated.*

Leo. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart : The party tried,
The daughter of a king ; our wife ; and one
Of us too much belov'd.——Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice ; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
—Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence !

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded ;* PAULINA *and Ladies, attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.
Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia ; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband : the pretence[8] *whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

[8] *Pretence*—is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *plot formed*. JOH.

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Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation ; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself ; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty :* mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd.[9] But thus,——If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators : For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare :[1] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,[2]
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how was I in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus :[3] if one jot beyond
The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave !

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted

[9] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a lie. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNS.

[1] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me : I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNS.

[2] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Eccl.* iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind : "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father ; and *a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children.*" STEEV.

[3] The sense seems to be this :—"what sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character."—Mrs Ford talks of—some *strain* in her character. STEEV.

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Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.[3]
Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level[4] of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact[5] are so), so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
For as

[3] It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNS.

[4] This metaphor, (as Mr. Douce has already observed,) is from *gunnery*. See. p. 30, n. 6. STEEV.

[5] I do not remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which must be its sense in this place. JOHNS.

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Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily,[6] is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit.[7] Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;——No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery;[8] yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

[6] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. STEEV.

[7] Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, "the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing. STEEV.

[8] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNS.

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Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten: and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,[9] is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*]——
How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:——
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!——
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and Ladies, with* HERMIONE.

[9] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: so we still say, he *sped* well or ill. JOHNS.

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I'll reconcile me to Polixenes :
New woo my queen ; recal the good Camillo ;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes : which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done : he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour :—How he glisters
Thorough my rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker ![1]

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while !
O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too !

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flaying ? boiling,
In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive ; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine !—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries, were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful : nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,

[1] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNS.

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To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't:[2]
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't; if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;[3]
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

[2] i.e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned, ere he would have committed such an action. STEEV.

[3] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNS.

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Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation : So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea. Enter ANTIGONUS *with the Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect[4] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get aboard ;
Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
Too far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe :——

[4] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for *certain, well assured,* or *well informed.* JOHNS.

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I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't : for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more :—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself ; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.——Blossom, speed thee well !
[*Laying down the child.*
There lie ; and there thy character :[5] there these ;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.——The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow !—weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell !
The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough : I never saw

[5] Thy description ; i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. STEEV.

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The heavens so dim by day.—A savage clamour![6]—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.——Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,——To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see

[6] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal pursued*. JOHNS.

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how the sea flap-dragoned it :[6]—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them ;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now ; I have not winked since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman ; he's at it now.

She. Would, I had been by, to have helped the old man !

Clo. I would, you had been by the ship-side, to have helped her ; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself ; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth[7] for a squire's child ! Look thee here ; take up, take up, boy ; open't. So, let's see ; It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies : this is some changeling[8]:—open't : What's within, boy ?

Clo. You're a made old man ; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold !

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so : up with it, keep it close ; home, home, the next way.[9] We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go :—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings ; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten : they are never curst but when they are hungry :[1] if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed : If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

---

[6] i. e. swallowed as our ancient topers swallowed *flap-dragons*. STEEV.

[7] A *bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

[8] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen. STEEV

[9] i. e. the nearest way. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I : "'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher." STEEV.

[1] *Curst*, signifies *mischievous*. Thus the adage : "*Curst* cows have short horns." HENLEY.

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ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *as Chorus.*

Time.

I,—THAT please some, try all ; both joy, and terror,
Of good, and bad ; that make and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap ;[2] since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom :[3] Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received : I witness to
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning ; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself ; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia ;[4] and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace

---

[2] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular ; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. To leave this growth untried, is, to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required JOHNS.

[3] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear ; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another ; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year ; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any *order* or succession of objects ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNS.

[4] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate :

——imagine *we*
Gentle spectators, that *you* now may be, &c.

Let *us* imagine that *you*, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me* ; and is a common mode of expression. Thus we say "do *me* such a thing,"—"spell *me* such a word." M. MASON.

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To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time: Of this allow,[5]
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of POLIXENES. *Enter* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? (kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.)

[5] To *allow* in our author's time signified to *approve*. MALONE.

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Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence: that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.[6] Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!——We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage. Enter AUTOLYCUS,[7] *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge:[8]
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

---

[6] *Angle*, in this place means a fishing-rod which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. STEEV.

[7] *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:
"*Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.*" Martial. STEEV.

[8] The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces; and a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. STEEVENS.

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The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer-songs for me and my aunts,[1]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets;[2] when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus, who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles:[3] With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison;[4] and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock,[5] are too powerful on the high-way; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.——A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods;[6] ev-

---

[1] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. STEE.

[2] That is, I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are sold unbound. From the word sheet, the poet takes occasion to quibble. STEEV.

[3] Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several pieces of his work. It is from his *discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and it is on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARB.

[4] That is, with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress. PERCY.

[5] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from doing robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat, and petty theft. JOHNS.

[6] A *tod*, is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.
This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod* or 28*lb*. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2*lb*. 8*oz*. 11 *dr*. and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred shorn* 136 *tod*, 1 clove, 2*lb* 6*oz* 2 *dr*. which at pound and odd shilling per *tod* would yield £.143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy. RITSON.

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ery tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*——what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man-song men all,[7] and very good ones; but they are most of them means,[8] and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies;[9] *mace*——*dates*——none; that's out of my note; *nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger;* but that I may beg; *four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

---

[7] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. A *six-man song* occurs in the Tournament of Tottenham. See Rel. of Ant. Eng. Poetry vol. ii. PERCY.

[8] *Means* are tenors. STEEV.

[9] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. STEEV.

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Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:[1] I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.[2]

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son,[3] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;[4]—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

---

[1] The old English title for this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*. STEEV.

[2] To *abide*, here, must signify to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNS.

[3] That is, the puppet-shew, then called *motions*. WARB.

[4] To *prig* is to *filch*. MAL.

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Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue![5]

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a:[6]
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage. Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[7] it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high-self,
The gracious mark o' the land,[8] you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom; I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.[9]

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across

[5] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. WARB.

[6] To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it. STEEV.

[7] That is, your excesses the extravagance of your praise. OHNS.

[8] The object of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNS.

[9] That is, one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you have sworn to put me out of countenance; for, in this, as in a glass, you show me how much below yourself you must descend, before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character. WARB.

I think she means to say, that the prince by the *rustic* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up." MALONE.

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ACT IV. Scene III.

Florizel. **Thou dearest Perdita, With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not the mirth of the feast.**

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Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread;[1] your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: Oh, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up![2] what would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence!
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this pur-
Or I my life. [pose,
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, *No.* Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

---

[1] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. M. MASON.
[2] This allusion occurs more than once in Romeo and Juliet:
"This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
"To beautify him only lacks a cover." STEEV.

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Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised, Clown,* MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench you blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [*To* POL.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostesship o'the day.—You're welcome, sir. [*To* CAM.
—Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue;[3] these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess!
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers.
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

---

[3] *Rue* was called *herb of grace. Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance, I know not why unless because it was carried at funerals. JOHNS.
Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physic. STEEV.

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Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and your's, and your's,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon![4] daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,

[4] So, in Ovid's *Metam.* B. V:
"——ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,
"Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis." STEEV.

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,[5]
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come take your flow'rs ;
Methinks, I play, as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that : move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come ; our dance, I pray ;
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward ; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself ;

[5] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddess of blue eyes.* JOHN. The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

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Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.——

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Musick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down: or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos*

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and *fadings : jump her and thump her :* and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man ;* puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces, and for noses ;
Bugle-bracelet, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber :
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel ;[6]
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come, buy of me, come : come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

[6] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. STEEV.

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Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to-bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,[6] and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.[7]

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt loose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to-bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

---

[6] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called clamouring them. WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, does not signify to cease, but to continue ringing. GREY.

[7] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. The fashion was brought from Italy and. "the queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with them upon her hands." Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale:

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses." T. WARTON.

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Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part: you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. *O whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*
M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;*
D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then whither, go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me.—Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

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Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's wear-a.

[*Exe. Clown,* AUT. DOR. *and* MOP.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair;[8] they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gally-maufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[9]

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rusticks, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.——

[8] *Men of hair,* are *hairy men,* or *satyrs.* A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the duchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. by the foot-rule. *Esquierre,* Fr. MALONE.

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He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak

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So well, nothing so well: no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;——
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand,
And, daughter, your's.
Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table; Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.

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Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;——
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.[1] Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*
Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[2] Will't please you, sir, be gone? [*To* FLO.

[1] I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all. JOHNS.

[2] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARB.

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I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir, [*To* FLO.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,[3]
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,

[3] These sentiments, which the poet has heightened by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here supported, by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*. WARB.

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And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks :—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am ; and by my fancy :[4] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion ; Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.—— [*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* CAMILLO.
Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn ;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that

[4] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

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I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I lov'd the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows. If you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be), 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him

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'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;

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The medicin of our house !—how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicily——
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[5] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they throng who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,[6] and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words ! which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses : and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAM. FLOR. *and* PER. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !

---

[5] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. GREY.

[6] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNS.

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All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
—We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging.
[*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, disease thee instantly, thou must think, there's necessity in't, and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.[7]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir: I know ye well enough.
[*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?——I smell the trick of it.—— [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[FLO. *and* AUT. *exchange garments.*

—Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to ship-board
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.——Farewell, my friend.

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[7] i. e. *something over and above*, or, as we now say, *something to boot.* JOHNS.

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Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king [*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!——
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.
[*Exe.* FLO. PER. *and* CAM.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore.* The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man

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neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[8]—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;[9] say, you have none.

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[8] *Pedler's* excrement—is pedler's beard. JOHNS.

[9] This satire, on the bribery of courts, is not unpleasant. WARB.

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Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.[2]

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram

[2] It seems that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. JOHNS.

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dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,[3] shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: Being something gently consider'd,[4] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside; go on the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clo.*

[3] That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. JOHNS.

[4] Means, I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. *a bribe*, will bring you, &c. STEEV.

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Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of* LEONTES. *Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd

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Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame ; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well ?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.——Care not for issue ;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leo. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel !—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse ; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vext,

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Begin, *And why to me?*
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leo. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*
Leo. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—Fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.[5]
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—If you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires
Access to your high presence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,

[5] To *affront*, is to *meet*. JOHNS.

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'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leo. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equalled;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
[*Exit* CLEOMENES, *Lords, and Gentlemen*
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,

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Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!——O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;

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Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them

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With divers deaths in death.
Per. O, my poor father !—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leo. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty : and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up :
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father ; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now :[6] with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.
Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.——But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

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[6] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MAL.

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SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace. Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tare the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow:[7] but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:—The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;——the affection of noble-

[7] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported*. M. MASON.

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ness,[8] which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner,[9] that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[1] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her;[2] now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many king's reigns.[3] I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat,

[8] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. *Affection* is used in Hamlet for *affectation*, but that can hardly be the meaning here. MAL.

[9] Our author seems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkship. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

[1] i. e. countenance, features. STEEV. [2] i. e. embracing her. STEE.

[3] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—*weather*-beaten. *Weather-bitten* may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEV.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Anthony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the second part, &c. 1592, has—"winter-*bitten* epitaph." RITSON.

Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. HENLEY.

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that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath, privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?[4] every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me,

[4] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old Shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNS.

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would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

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Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins[5] say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.[6]

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in PAULINA'*s House. Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,

[5] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNS.

[6] *A tall fellow of thy hands* means, a stout fellow of your size. We measure horses by hands, which contain four inches; and from thence the phrase is taken. M. MASON.

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Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart : But here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.
[PAUL. *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder : But yet speak ;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?
Leo. Her natural posture !—
Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her !
I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ?—O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty ; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !
Per. And give me leave ;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.——Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of your's, to kiss.
Paul. O, patience ;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.[7]
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,

[7] Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture* mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time : and unless the supposed [illegible]ue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her li[illegible] could the veins *verily seem to bear blood,* as the poet expresses it after[illegible] TOLLET.

So many summers, dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,[8] (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.
Leo. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't ; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it ?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd ? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood ?
Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you : but
I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?
Leo. No, not these twenty years.

[8] *Wrought*—i. e. worked, agitated. STEEV.

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Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move, indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music; awake her: strike.— [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:
[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.
Leo. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,

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And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting* PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how found
Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina ;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted ; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What ?—Look upon my brother :—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom, heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd : Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*[9]

[9] This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived and strongly represented. JOHNS.

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MACBETH.

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OBSERVATIONS.

IN order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed in the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though pehaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's Extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instance of the empress Placida, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects

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of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his succession, re-printed at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. "That if any person "shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked "spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, em- "ploy, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit, to or for any "intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or "child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the "dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of

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"witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, "practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, "or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, "killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the "body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suf-"fer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire,* where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character, the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

JOHNSON.

* In Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*. 1599, it is said, that no less than six hundred witches were executed at one time: "—it is evident, by the confession of the six hundred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew tide was twelve month, that in Yarmouth road they were all together in a plump on Christmas eve was two years, when the great flood was: and there stirred up such tornadoes and furicanoes of tempests, as will be spoken of there whilst any winds or storms and tempests chafe and puff in the lower region." REED.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*
MALCOLM, } *his sons.*
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } *generals of the king's army.*
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }
FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*
SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*
Young SIWARD, *his son.*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, *and three Witches.**

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE—*in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.*

* As the play now stands, in Act IV. sc. i. three *other* witches make their appearance. See note thereon. STEEV.

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MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1 *Witch.*

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,[1]
When the battle's lost and won:[2]
3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin![3]
All. Paddock calls:[3]——Anon.——
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores. Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

[1] i. e. the battle in which Macbeth was then engaged. WARB.

[2] From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a Witch "to take on her a cattes body nine times." Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad. STE.

[4] According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North. In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The representation of S[illegible]ames in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called *Hellish Breugel*, 1566.) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* nd *paddock*, i. e. a *cat*, and a *toad*, with several *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. STEEV.

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The newest state.
Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity :——Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sol. Doubtfully it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied ;[4]
And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore : But all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave ;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,[5]
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !
Sol. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion[6]
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;

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[4] Whether *supplied of*, for *supplied from* or *with*, was a kind of Grecism of Shakspeare's expression ; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallowglasses*, which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the western islands, I don't know. WARB.
Of and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. STEEV.

[5] We seldom hear of such terrible cross blows given and received but by giants and miscreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Besides it must be a strange awkward stroke that could rip him upwards from the navel to the chaps. But Shakspeare certainly wrote :
——he unseam'd him from the *nape* to the *chaps*,
i.e. cut his skull in two ; which might be done by a Highlander's sword. This was a reasonable blow, and very naturally expressed, on supposing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the *nape* is the hinder part of the neck, where the *vertebræ* join to the bone of the skull. The word *unseamed* likewise becomes very proper, and alludes to the suture which goes across the crown of the head in that direction called the *sutura sagittalis* : and which consequently, must be opened by such a stroke. WARB.

[6] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this : "As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests ; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion." STEEV.

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So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sol. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,[8]
I cannot tell:——
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*

Enter ROSSE.

—Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,[9]
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,[1]
Confronted him with self-comparisons,[2]

---

[8] i.e. or make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. HEATH.
[9] The banners may be poetically described as waving in mockery or defiance of the sky. STEEV.
[1] *Lapt in proof*, is, defended by armour of proof. STEEV.
[2] i.e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. WARB.

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Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,[3]
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Heath. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:——*Give me*, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch![4] the rump-fed ronyon[5] cries.

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[3] *Colmes'-inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb. *Inch*, or *Inshe*, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. STEEV.

[4] *Aroint*, or *avaunt*, be gone. POPE.

In one of the folio editions the reading is—*Anoint thee*, in a sense very consistent with the common account of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts, by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, *anoint thee, witch*, will mean, *away, witch, to your infernal assembly*. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *aroint* in no other author; till looking into Hearne's *Collections* I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, *Out out arongt*, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNS.

Dr. Johnson's memory, on the present occasion, appears to have deceived him in more than a single instance. The subject of the above-mentioned drawing is ascertained by a label affixed to it in Gothick letters. *Iesus Christus resurgens a mortuis spoliat infernum.* My predecessor, indeed, might have been misled by an uncouth abbreviation in the Sacred Name. The words—*Out out arongt*, are addressed to our Redeemer by Satan, who, the better to enforce them, accompanies them with a blast of the horn he holds in his right hand. *Tartareum intendit cornu.* Satan is not "driving the damned before him;" nor is any other dæmon present to undertake that

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Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,[6]
And, like a rat without a tail,[7]
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid :[8]
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :[9]
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.
2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum ;
Macbeth doth come.

---

office. Redemption not punishment is the subject of the piece. "Rynt you, witch, quoth Besse Locket to her mother," is a north country proverb. STEEV.

[5] i. e. Scabby or mangy woman. Fr. rogneux, royne, scurf. STEEV. The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. COLEPEPER.

[6] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." STEEV.

[7] It should be remembered, (as it was the belief of the times,) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. The reason given by some old writers, for this deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures. STEEV.

[8] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. So, among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was *Aquæ & Ignis* interdictio ; i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which implied the necessity of banishment. THEO.

[9] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees. STEEV.

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All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,[1]
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine :
Peace !——the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores ?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't ?——Live you ? or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can ;——What are you ?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Glamis !

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor !

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start ; and seem to fear

---

[1] These weird *sisters* were the *Fates* of the northern nations ; the three hand-maids of Odin. "Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit Hæ viros morti destinant, et victoriam gubernant. Gunna, et Rota, et Parcarum minima Skulida : per aera et maria equitant semper ad moriturosos eligendos ; et cædes in potestate habent." Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ a Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them *three* ; and calls them,

Posters of the sea and land ;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this Northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions ; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point,) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches ; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks So that his *witch-scenes* are like the charm they prepare in one of them ; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience, from that time to this. WARBURTON.

The Valkyriæ or Valkyriur were not barely three in number. The learned critic might have found, in Bartholinus, not only Gunna Rota, et Skulida, but also, Scogula, Hilda, Gondula, and Geiroscogula. Bartholinus adds, that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the cupbearers of Odin and conductors of the dead. They were distinguished by their elegance of forms : and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the Valkyriæ of the North with the Witches of Shakspeare. STEEV.

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Things that do sound so fair ?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,[2] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal ; to me you speak not :
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not ;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail ! 2 *Witch.* Hail ! 3 *Witch.* Hail !

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo !

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :
By Sinel's death,[3] I know, I am thane of Glamis ;
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them :—Whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,[3]
That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success : and when he reads

[2] By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy ? JOHNS [3] The father of Macbeth. POPE

[3] Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. STEEV.

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Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post;[5] and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,[6]
Might yet enkindle[7] you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;

---

[5] Meaning that the news came as *thick* as a *tale* can *travel* with the *post*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is perfectly justifiable. As *thick*, in ancient language, signified as *fast*. To speak *thick*, in our author, does not therefore mean, to have a cloudy indistinct utterance, but to deliver words with rapidity. STEEV.

[6] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. STEEV.

[7] *Enkindle*, for stimulate you to seek. WARB.

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Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act[8]
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
—This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart[9] knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,[1] that function
Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,
But what is not.[2]
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments ; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may ;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.[3]
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour :——my dull brain was wrought

---

[8] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the prologue to *K. Henry V:*
'——princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene." STEEV.

[9] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. STEEV.

[1] The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an individual, in oppositon to a commonwealth, or conjunct body. JOHNSON.

[2] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that, which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. JOHNS.

[3] "By this, I confess I do not, with his two last commentators, imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say *tempus et hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will." This note is taken from an Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare, &c. by Mrs Montagu. STEEV.

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With things forgotten.[4] Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.——
Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Forres. A Room in the Palace. Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd ?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die :[5] who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,[6]
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face :[7]
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.——O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

---

[4] My head was *worked, agitated,* put into commotion. JOHNSON.

[5] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds, in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793 His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend. STEEV.

[6] *Studied*—instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied,* for *learned* in science. JOHNS.

[7] The *construction of the mind* is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakspeare ; it implies the *frame* or *disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. JOHNS.

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To overtake thee. 'Would, thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.[8]

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,[9]
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

[8] From Scripture: "So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." HENLEY.

[9] Dr. Johnson, observes, in his Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at Inverness, are yet standing. STE.

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Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in MACBETH's *Castle. Enter Lady* MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M.——*They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives*[1] *from the king, who all-hailed me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,[2]
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

---

[1] i.e. messengers STEEV.

[2] The golden round is the diadem. JOHNS.
Metaphysical, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural*, seems, in our author's time, to have had no other meaning. MAL.

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Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news.—The raven himself is hoarse,[2]
[*Exit Attendant.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts,[3] unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;[4]
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it![5] Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall,[6] you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief![7] Come, thick night,
And pall thee[8] in the dunnest smoke of hell!

---

[2] The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage: *Give him tending;* the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. [*Exit Attendant.*] 'Tis certain now—the raven himself is *spent*, is hoarse by croaking this very message, the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. FUSELI.

[3] This expression signifies not the thoughts of mortals, but murderous, deadly or destructive designs. JOHNS.

[4] *Remorse*, in ancient language, signifies pity. STEEV.

[5] The intent of Lady Macbeth is evidently to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect: but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakspeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep *pace* between
The effect and it.

To keep *pace* between, may signify to pass between, to intervene. *Pace* is, on many occasions, a favourite of Shakspeare's. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense; but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption. JOHNS.

[6] Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. JOHNS.

[7] *Nature's mischief* is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. JOHNS.

[8] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*. WARB.

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That my keen knife[9] see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*[1]——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor![2]

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:[3]—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

[9] The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a sword or dagger. STEEV.

[1] The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place enclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's Instructions for the Wars, translated in 1589. TOLLET.

[2] Shakspeare has supported the character of Lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEV.

[3] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. HEATH.

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SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle. Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH *attending. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat ;[4] the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,[5] does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty,[6] frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage,[7] but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle : Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-yield us for your pains,[8]
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,

---

[4] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation and the pleasantness of the air ; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion ? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of domestic life. SIR J. REYNOLDS.

[5] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*. JOHNS.

[6] A jutty, or *jetty*, (for so it ought rather to be written) is not here, as has been supposed, an epithet to *frieze*, but a substantive ; signifying that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest. MAL.

[7] *Coinage of vantage*—Convenient corner. JOHNS.

[8] To bid any one *God-yeld him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as God reward him. WARB.

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And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.[3]

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle. Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over the stage, a Sewer,[4] *and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly:[5] if the assassination

---

[3] That is, we as hermits shall always pray for you. STEEV.

[4] A *sewer* was an officer so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Assevur*, French; from *asseior*, to place. Another part of the *sewer's* office was to bring water for the guests to wash their hands with. It may be worth while to observe, for the sake of preserving an ancient word, that the dishes served in by *sewers* were called *sewes*. STEEV.

[5] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and *ended* without any following effects, it would then be best to *do it quickly*; if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease*, if, being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." JOHNS.

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonson, in reading some bombast speeches in *Macbeth*, which *are not to be understood*, used to say that it was *horrour*."—Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depreciated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendent beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown into "strong shudders" and blood-freezing "agues," by its

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Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ;[6] that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,[7]—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek,[8] hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off :
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,[9]
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.[1]—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news ?

Enter Lady MACBETH.[2]

Lady M. He has almost supp'd ; Why have you left the chamber ?

---

interesting and high-wrought scenes than to have been offended by any imaginary hardness of its language ; for such it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horrour*. MALONE.

[6] *Surcease* is cessation, stop. STEEV.

[7] By the *shoal of time*, our author means the shallow ford of life, between us and the abyss of eternity. STEEV.

[8] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c. WARB.

[9] *Courier* is only *runner*. Couriers of air are winds, air in motion. Sightless is invisible. JOHNS.
The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been somewhere observed) seems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Psalm : "He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly ; he came flying upon the wings of the wind." Again, in *Job*, ch. xxx. v. 22 : "Thou causest me to ride upon the wind" MALONE.

[1] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNS.

[2] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker,

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Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreat yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i'the adage?[4]
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know

---

and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has forever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene, with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument, Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be overruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNS.

[4] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:*
Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas. JOHNS.

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How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel[5] so convince,[6]
That memory, the warder of the brain,[7]
Shall be a fume, and the receipt[8] of reason
A limbeck only:[9] When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[1]

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up[2]

---

[5] Selden conjectures this to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wishing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wish-heil*. *Wassel* or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs'-Wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. JOHNS.

[6] To *convince* is, in Shakspeare, to overpower or subdue JOHNS.

[7] A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel. STE. [8] i. e. the receptacle. MAL.

[9] That is, shall be only a vessel, to emit *fumes* or *vapours*. JOHNS.

[1] *Quell* is murder, *manquellers* being, in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now used. JOHNS.

The word is used in Wicliff's translation of the New Testament, "and Herod sent forsh *manquellers*," &c. STEEV.

[2] A metaphor from the bow. Till this instant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate,

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Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle. Enter* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

Banquo.

HOW goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,[3]
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose![4]—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

---

and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality or the ties of subjection kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and with his integrity his happiness is destroyed. I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some critics been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes,)

"——when once our grace we have forgot,
"Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—"

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

[3] *Husbandry* here means thrift, frugality. MAL.

[4] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the Witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. STEEV.

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Sent forth great largess to your offices :[5]
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.[6]
Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.
Macb. Good repose, the while !
Ban. Thanks, sir ; The like to you ! [*Exit* BANQUO.
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to-bed. [*Exit Ser.*
—Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee :——
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.

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[5] *Offices* are rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. STEEV.

[6] Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity ; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you shall cleave to my consent*, if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown. *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall make honour for you.* JOHNS.

That Banquo was apprehensive of a design upon the crown, is evident from his reply, which affords Macbeth so little encouragement, that he drops the subject. RITSON.

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Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon,[7] gouts[8] of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,
Nature seems dead,[9] and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep;[1] now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.——Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.[2]—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A Bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

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[7] *Dudgeon*—the haft or handle of a dagger. STEEV.

[8] Or drops, French. POPE.——*Gouts* is the technical term for the *spots* on some part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakspeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry. STEEV.

[9] That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.* This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden, in his *Conquest of Mexico:*

"All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat,
Even lust and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed. Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation He that peruses Shakspeare, looks around alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other of a murderer. JOHNS.

[1] Probably Shakspeare wrote: The curtain'd *sleeper*. The folio spells the word *sleepe*. STEEV.——Mr. S's emendation is entitled to a place in the text. It is clearly Shakspeare's own word. RITSON.

[2] Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that "all general privations are great, because they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in Virgil, where amidst all the images of terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon:

"Dii quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque *silentes*,
Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *tacentia* late." STEEV.

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Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:——Hark! —Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,[3]
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?——what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.[4]—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:——Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

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[3] It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatic performances, that it was the custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby a *posset* at night. STEEV.

[4] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARB.

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Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one
cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,[5]
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath;
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;——
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:—
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,

[5] *Sleave* signifies the ravelled knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. HEATH.
Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's age, has likewise alluded to *sleaved* or *ravelled* silk, in his *Quest of Cynthia*:
"At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with pinks was platted,
The banks with daffadillies dight,
With grass, like *sleave* was matted." LANGTON.

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Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean[6] wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,[7]
Making the green—one red.[8]

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.[9] [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! ay, 'would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

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(6) "Suscipit, o Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,
Nec genitor nympharum abluit oceanus." *Catul. in Gel.* 83. STEEV.

(7) To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *Carnation.* STEEV.
The word may be exemplified from Carew's Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay:

"One shall ensphere thine eyes; another shall
Impearl thy teeth; a third, thy white and small
Hand shall besnow; a fourth, *incarnadine*
Thy rosy cheek." WAKEFIELD.

(8) *One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green,* for the green *one,* or for the green *sea,* is, I am persuaded, unexampled. MAL.

The expression—"one red," may be justified by language more ancient than that of Shakspeare. In *Genesis,* ii. 24, and in several other places in scripture, we have—"one flesh." Again in our Liturgy: "—be *made one* fold under one shepherd." STEEV.

(9) i.e. While I have the thoughts of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to, myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof. WARB.

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SCENE III.

The same. Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*]

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.[1] [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins[2] enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name?—'Faith, here's an equivocator,[3] that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:[4] Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclu-

(1) i. e. frequent more than enough. STEEVENS.

(2) i.e. Handkerchiefs. STEEV.

(3) Meaning a Jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in Queen Elizabeth and King James the First's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation*. WARB.

(4) The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a tailor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. WARB.

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sion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie, last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?——
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.[5] [*Exit* MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

(5) *Limited*, for appointed. WARB.

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The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.
Macb. What is't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:——Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.——Awake! Awake!
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!——up, up, and see
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,——
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.——O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?[6]
Ban. Too cruel, any where.——
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

(6) Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the King. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself. WARB.

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Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.——Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;[7]
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.[8]
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken here,

(7) Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *geary blood* for *golden blood*; but it may easily be admitted that he who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin*, would *lace it with golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.—It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. JOHNSON.

(8) Mr. Whateley justly observes that, "on Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned" I may add that a bold and hardened villain would, from a refined policy, have assumed the *appearance* of being alarmed about her lest this very imputation should arise against him: the irresolute Macbeth is not sufficiently at ease to act such a part. MALONE.

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Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:——
[*Lady* MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.[9]
Macb. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.
All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortunes
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted;[1] and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle. Enter ROSSE *and an old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah, good father.

(9) *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. STEEV.
(1) The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect. JOHNSON.

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Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,[2]
Was by a mousing owl[3] hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,[4]
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[5]
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth?[6]

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(2) In a place of which she seemed proud;—in an elevated situation. MALONE.

(3) i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.

(4) Most of the prodigies just before mentioned are related by Holinshed, as accompanying King Duffe's death. STEEV.

(5) To *pretend*, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to intend, to design. STEEV.

(6) Macbeth, by birth, stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinshed.* STEEV.

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Macd. He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill ;
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone ?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there ;—
adieu !—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !
Rosse. Father, farewell.
Old M. God's benison go with you ; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Fores. A Room in the Palace. Enter* BANQUO.

Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)[97]
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king ; Lady* MACBETH, *as queen ;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties

(97) *Shine,* for appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth. JOHNS.

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Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
(I must become a borrower of the night,)
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit* BANQUO.
(Let every man be master of his time)
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.—
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?
Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Atten.*]——To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,

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And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;[8]
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance:[9]—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call. [*Ex. At.*
—Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; past in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.
1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,

(8) 'Filed. i. e. defiled. WARB.
This mark of contraction is not necessary. To *file* is in the Bishops' Bible. JOHNSON.

(9) This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. "Que la destinee se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi *a l'outrance.*" A challenge, or a combat *a l'outrance, to extremity,* was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an odium internecinum, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has fore-doomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

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To pray for this good man, and for his issue,[1]
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,[2] water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[3]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,

(1) Are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of *protestantism*. JOHNS.

(2) *Shoughs* are probably what we now call shocks, demi-wolves, lyciscæ; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. JOHNS.

(3) In this speech the word *file* occurs twice, and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its present use. The expression, *valued file*, evidently means a list or catalogue of value. A station in the *file*, and not in the worst rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the lowest place. But *file* seems rather to mean, in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last; a meaning which I have not observed in any other place. JOHNS.

(4) By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by

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That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness:[5] And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room. Enter Lady MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

---

the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the near'st part where life resides.* STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. You must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. STEEV.

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'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

—How now, my lord? why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies[6] your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? (Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.)

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy.[7] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence,[8] both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.[9]

---

[6] i.e. worthless, ignoble, vile. STEEV.

[7] *Ecstacy*, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotion of pain, agony. STEEV.

[8] i.e. do him the highest honours. WARB.

[9] The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

The allusion is to an *estate for lives* held by *copy of court-roll*. It is clear, from numberless allusions of the same kind, that Shakspeare had been an attorney's clerk. RITSON.

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Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight;[1] ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,[2] with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,[3]
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:[4]
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace. Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Banquo. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

---

[1] The bats wheeling round the dim *cloisters* of Queen's College, Cambridge, have frequently impressed on me the singular propriety of this original epithet. STEEV.

[2] The *shard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its shards or scaly wings. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristic of the beetle kind. WARB.

[3] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. WARB.

[4] *Rooky* may mean damp, misty, steaming with exhalations. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. *Rooky wood*, indeed, may signify a rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks. STEEV.

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2 *Mur.* Then it is he ; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,[5]
Already are i'the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *a Servant with a torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*Assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly ;
Thou may'st revenge.———O slave !
[*Dies.* FLEANCE *and Servant escape.*[6]
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way ?[7]
3 *Mur.* There's but one down ; the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees,[8] sit down : at first
And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

---

[5] i.e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. STEEV.

[6] Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward.* From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended ; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. MAL.

[7] i.e. the best means to effect our purpose. RITSON.

[8] I believe the true meaning of this passage is,
You know your own degree, sit down.—To first
And last the hearty welcome.
All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNS.

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And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state;[9] but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.[1]
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown serpent lies; the worm,[2] that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,[3]
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,

[9] i.e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table. STEEV.
[1] The author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than he in this room.* JOHNSON.
[2] This term, in our author's time, was applied to all of the serpent kind. MAL.
[3] The meaning is, that which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for. JOHNS.

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'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
(Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!)
Len. May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *rises, and sits in* MACBETH'*s place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.——Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you?——

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Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;[5]
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:——
Do not muse at me,[6] my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table.
Ghost rises.
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,[7]
And all to all.[8]
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:

[5] The gentle weal, is, the peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes.—"Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes." JOHNS.

[6] To *muse* anciently signified to *wonder*, to be in *amaze*. STEEV.

[7] We *thirst*, I suppose, means we desire to drink. M. MASON.

[8] i. e. All good wishes to all: such as he had named above, love, health, and joy. WARB.

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Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword
If trembling I inhibit thee,[9] protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,
I am a man again.——Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord ?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and worse ;
Question enrages him : at once, good-night :——
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty !
Lady M. A kind good-night to all !
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*
Macb. It will have blood ; they say, blood will have blood :
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs and understood relations, have
By magot-pies,[1] and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.——What is the night ?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

---

[9] To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. STEEV.

[1] Perhaps we should read *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. "These, (says he) together with the connection of events with causes, have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders." In Cotgrave's Dict. a *magpie* is called *magatapie*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird ; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Philip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEV.

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Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?[2]
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.[3]
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.[4]
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:——
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath. Thunder. Enter HECATE, *meeting the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate?[5] you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

---

[2] Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppressed, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak—"She asked her wise women counsel, yea, she returned answer to herself." STEEV.

What Macbeth means to say is this: *What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What do you infer from thence? What is your opinion of the matter?* STEEV.

[3] To *scan* is to examine nicely. STEEV.

[4] I take the meaning to be, "You want sleep, which *seasons*, or gives the relish to, all nature. "*Indiget somni vita condimenti.*" JOHNS.

[5] Shakspeare has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But the Gothic and Pagan fictions were now frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the suite of Neptune before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth; Ariel assumes the semblance of a sea-nymph, and Hecate, by an easy association, conducts the rites of the weird sisters in Macbeth. T. WARTON.

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And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;[6]
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic slights,[7]
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] *Come away, come away, &c.*[8]
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Forres. A Room in the Palace. Enter LENOX *and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:——

[6] This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erictho using it. L. 6:
"——*et virus large lunare ministrat.*" STEEV.

[7] *Slights*—arts; subtle practices. JOHNSON.

[8] This entire song I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled, "A Tragi-Coomodie called *The Witch*; *long since* acted, &c. written by Thomas Middleton." STEEV.

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And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is gone
To pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir not I*,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel

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Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle a Cauldron boiling. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*[9]

1 *Witch.*
THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.[x]
3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.——

---

[9] *Scene I.*—As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper, in this place, to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once, when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the Countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be lost,
"Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches:

"Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
"Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that, about that time, "*a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.*"

"Toad, that under the cold stone,
"Days and nights hast thirty-one
"Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
"Boil thou first i'the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessary to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspeare, in the first scene of

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Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

---

this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Thoulouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, with *witchcraft*.

"Fillet of a fenny snake,
"In the cauldron boil and bake:
"Eye of newt, and toe of frog:—
"For a charm," &c.

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books De Viribus Animalium and De Mirabilibus Mundi, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

"Finger of birth-strangled babe,
"Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;"—

It has been already mentioned, in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King James examined; and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakspeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

"And now about the cauldron sing,—
"Black spirits and white,
"Red spirits and grey,
"Mingle, mingle, mingle,
"You that mingle may."

And, in a former part:

"—weird sisters, hand in hand,—
"Thus do go about, about;
"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
"And thrice again, to make up nine."

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilized natives of that country: "When any one gets a fall," says the informer of Camden, "he starts up, and, *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies red, black, white*." There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge. JOHNSON.

[1] The urchin, or hedgehog, from its solitariness, the ugliness of its appearance, and from a popular opinion that it sucked or poisoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic system, and its shape was sometimes supposed to be assumed by mischievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in *The Tempest*. T. WARTON.

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+ *All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake :
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;[2]
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;[3]
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[4]
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and the other three Witches.*[5]

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,

---

[2] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*. *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for prey obtained by violence. STEEV.

[3] These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held on account of the holy wars. STEEV.

[4] *Chaudron*, i. e. entrails ; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery. STEEV.

[5] The insertion of these words (*and the other three Witches*) in the original copy, must be owing to a mistake. RITSON.
Perhaps these additional Witches were brought on for the sake of the approaching dance. The original triad of hags was insufficient for the performance of the "ancient round" introduced in p. 59. STEEV.

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Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves[6]
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,[7] and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;[8]
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,[9]
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them, let me see them.
1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

[6] *Yesty* waves—i. e. foaming or frothy waves. JOHNSON.
[7] Corn, prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning. RITSON.
[8] *Topple* is used for *tumble*. STEEV.
[9] *Germins* are seeds which have begun to germinate or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. STEEVENS.

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All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly[1] show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.[2]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown pow'r,——
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*Descends.*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:[3]——But one word more:——
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!——
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
[*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.——What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty.[4]

---

[1] i.e. with adroitness, dexterously. *Deft* is a North country word. STE.

[2] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm; who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. STEEV.

[3] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. STEE.

[4] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. JOHNS.

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All. Listen, but speak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest;[5] bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head,[6] rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings[7] *appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a Glass in his hand;* BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does scar mine eye-balls:[8]—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—a seventh?—I'll see no more:—

[5] i.e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed. JOHNSON.

[6] i.e. let rebellion never make head against me till a forest move, and I shall reign in safety. THEOBALD.

[7] "It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of Macbeth, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representation of the Julian race in the *Æneid*; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play."
Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

[8] The expression of Macbeth, that the crown *scars* his *eye-balls*, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian *abacinare*, to blind. JOHNS.

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And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:[9]
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,[1]
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,[2]
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calender![3]——
Come in, without there!
Enter LENOX.
Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who wast came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:[4]
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now

(9) This was intended as a compliment to King James the First, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. WARB.

(1) To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*. STEE.

(2) i. e. spirits. STEEV.

(3) In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. STEEV.

(4) To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity.

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To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights![5]—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S *Castle. Enter Lady* MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:[6] for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season.[7] I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:

(5) This hasty reflection is to be considered as a moral to the foregoing scene:

"Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
"Finem Di dederint *Leuconoe*, et *Babylonios*
"Tentaris numeros, ut meluis quicquid erit pati." STEEV.

(6) Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHN.

(7) What is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

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Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ;
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet, i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey ! But how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if you

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would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,[8]
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Ex. L.* MACD. *crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace. Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,

(8) To do *worse* is to let her and her children be destroyed without weeping. JOHNS.

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Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom :[9] Each new morn,
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.[1]

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ;
What know, believe ; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something
You may deserve of him through me ; and wisdom[2]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon ;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose :
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.[3]

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why, in that rawness[4] left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

---

(9) The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground ; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. JOHNS.

(1) The portents and prodigies in the skies, of which mention is made before, showed that heaven sympathised with Scotland. WARB.

(2) That is, and *'tis* wisdom. HEATH.

(3) The meaning perhaps is this :—My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor ; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy. JOHNS.

(4) *Rawness*—without previous provision, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counsel. JOHNS.

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But mine own safeties :—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd ![5]—Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended :
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be ?
Mal. It is myself I mean :[6] In whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin

(5) *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd. POPE.
To *affeer* (for so it should be written) is to assess, or reduce to certainty. All amerciaments—that is, judgments of any court of justice, upon a presentment or other proceeding, that a party shall be amerced, or in mercy,—are by Magna Charta to be *affeered* by lawful men, sworn to be impartial. This is the ordinary practice of a Court Leet, with which Shakspeare seems to have been intimately acquainted, and where he might have occasionally acted as an *affeerer*. RITSON.

(6) This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the chronicles of Scotland. POPE.

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That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust:[7] and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons[8] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,

(7) The allusion is to plants: and the sense is,—"Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is but a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." BLACKSTONE.

(8) *Foysons*, plenty. POPE.

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Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

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Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[9]
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,[1]
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

[9] i. e. overpowers, subdues. STEEV.

[1] To *rent* is an ancient verb, which has been long ago disused. STEEV.

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A modern ecstacy ;[2] the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife ?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children ?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?
Ros. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; How goes it ?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.[3]
Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,[4]
Due to some single breast ?
Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

---

[2] That is, no more regarded than the contorsions that fanatics throw themselves into. The author was thinking of those of his own times. WARB.

[3] To *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*. STEEV.

[4] A peculiar sorrow ; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. JOHNSON.

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Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph ! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd ; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,[5]
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven !——
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too ?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife kill'd too ?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.[6]—All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?——O, hell-kite !——All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?[7]
Mal. Dispute it like a man.[8]
Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them now !
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief

---

[5] *Quarry* is a term used both in hunting and falconry. In both sports it means the game after it is killed. STEEV.

[6] It has been observed by an anonymous critic, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted. JOHNS.

[7] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. STEEV.

[8] i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man. STEEV.

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Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking,[9] and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.
Doc. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?
Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.
Doc. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.
Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.
Doc. How came she by that light?

[9] See St. John's *Revelation*, ch. xiv. v. 15. HARRIS.

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Act V. Scene I.

Lady Mac. **Yet here's a spot.**

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Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doc. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doc. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky! ——Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd?[1] What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doc. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doc. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doc. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well,——

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

---

[1] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband, as when awake. She therefore would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) had just said *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice,

Hell is murky!——Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd?

This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being, perhaps, misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. STEEV.

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Doc. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doc. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doc. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night,
My mind she has mated,[2] and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane. Enter with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[3]

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

---

[2] Astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

[3] By *the mortified man*, is meant a *religious*; one who has subdued his passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic*. WARB.

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Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say, he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there ?[4]
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal ;[5]
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exe. marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Enter MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all ;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus :
Fear not, Macbeth ; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :[6]

---

[4] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. JOHNS.

[5] i.e. physician. Shakspeare uses this word in the feminine gender, where Lafeu speaks of Helen in *All's well that ends well* ; and Florizel, in *The Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo "the *medecin* of our house." STEEV.

[6] Shakspeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 179 and 180, of his *History of Scotland* : "—For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and superstitious gormandizing brought in among them by the *Englishmen*

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg[7] with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

—The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose-look?
Ser. There is ten thousand——
Macb. Geese, villain?
Ser. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear.[8] What soldiers, whey-face?
Ser. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.——Seyton!——I am sick at heart,
When I behold——Seyton, I say!——This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:[9]
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.—
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

---

men, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, trusting (because he had beene brought up in the Isles with the old customes and manners of their antient nations, without tast of *English likerous delicats*,) they should by his seuere order in gouernement recouer againe the former temperance of their old progenitors." The same historian informs us, that in those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor brogues, till they were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell. STEEV.

[7] To *sag*, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagged*." TOLLET.

[8] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice. WARE.

[9] *Sear* is dry. STEEV.

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Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;[1]
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor ?
Doc. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?
Doc. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :—
Come, sir, despatch :—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land,[2] find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.——
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of them ?
Doc. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doc. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. STEEV.

[2] *To cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. STEEVENS.

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SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane. A Wood in view. Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;[3]
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.[4]
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle. Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength

[3] *Advantage* or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *opportunity*. He shut up himself and his soldiers (says Malcolm) in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him. JOHNS.

[4] To *owe* here is to possess. STEEV.

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Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?
[*A cry within, of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : I have supt full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;[5]
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.[6] Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave ! [*Striking him.*

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;

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[5] *Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven for the period of life. JOHNS.

[6] *The dust of death* is an expression used in the 22d Psalm. STEEV.

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I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee :[7] if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.——
I pall in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth ; *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane ;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell :—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle. Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough ; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

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[7] *Clung*, in the Northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled, or shrunk up. To *cling* likewise signifies, to *gripe*, to *compress*, to *embrace*. STEEV.

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SCENE VII.

The same. Another Part of the Plain. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.[8]—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; tho' thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited:[9] Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

[8] A phrase taken from bear-baiting. STEEV.
[9] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. STEEV.

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Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Sew. Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword?[1] whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air[2]
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life,[3] which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;[4]
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.
Macb. I'll not yield,

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[1] Alluding, perhaps, to the suicide of *Cato Uticensis.* STEEV.
[2] That is, air, which cannot be cut. JOHNS.
[3] In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. UPTON.
[4] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. JOHNS.

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To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter fighting, and MACBETH *is slain.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:[5]
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

[5] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon, by Camden, in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it:—When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." JOHNS.

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Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH's *Head on a Pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the tragedy of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

END OF VOL. III.

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